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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

About a month after George's departure I received a letter from Mr. O'Shaughnessy, giving me all the news, amongst other items of which were the following: "Who do you think I met the other day in Grafton street—now I know you'll be thinking what took the old curmudgeon there—gloves and ribbons, eh?—no, it wasn't, but as I was saying who should I meet but Denis John—our old Killarney *hidalgo*, looking as like a first class grandee as ever you saw him. Maybe I wasn't glad to see him, and to do him justice, he was just as glad to see me—to be sure he asked very kindly for you all, and was sorry to hear that you left our little island—he's no friend of emigration I see plainly—and to be sure I asked very kindly for Miss Ellen—' she's not Miss Ellen now,' says he with his princely smile, 'she has become a matron since you saw her—she was married last autumn to young O'Donovan whom you may remember to have seen at Killarney.' Of course I did remember him—a dashing young fellow he was too—but it never came into my head that he and Miss Ellen were pulling a cord. Neither they were at that time, the Don said, but the acquaintance made in the Lake Hotel came to that in a short time, and though the marriage in which it ended left him lonely, yet he thought Ellen could not have done better, either on the score of blood or fortune. I was glad to hear this and insisted on the Dons dining with me that day that we might drink the health of the young couple in a bottle of Champagne that was innocent of the contamination of cider—sparkling and bright and fresh like the fair daughter of the MacCarthys. The stately old man grew young again as we drained the generous cup to his favorite's health, and the ice once broken his thoughts flowed free as a mountain-rivulet, and he made quite a little speech about you,—wilful runaway that you are—and you may be sure, we poured another libation, as Byron says, to your health and happiness. After dinner we adjourned to Dillon's, and had a right merry evening of it, although our mirth *was* clouded, at times, by 'the memory of the Dead' and those from whom seas divide us. Bless my heart, Elinor! if I don't stop, I'll grow quite soft and sentimental. I have one thing to say, however, before I leave off. How are you getting on?—I mean yourself, for I heard from George not many weeks ago. He's quite in love with his profession. So far, so good. He tells me you're in a capital situation, but I want to hear from under your own hand how you are settled. It seems you have swaddlers even in Canada—wonder the frost don't kill all such white-livered animals. Give me some account of them when you write—manners, habits, general appearance, and so forth. I want to compare your *genus* with ours, though I suppose they are all the same species. The Dillons are all about the same as usual. Your god-child is very fat and quite a precocious little woman—they'll make her out a prodigy, depend upon it. On occasion of my last visit, the old madam communicated to me the gratifying intelligence that 'baby had cut her eye-teeth,' and as though that was not sufficient to complete my happiness, she further added, 'and, only think, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, she can walk alone, quite across the nursery.' Whether it was this accumulation of good news, or the constituent part of the bill of fare being some degrees better than usual—and you know the Dillon dinners are famous—I certainly dined heartily, and felt exceedingly comfortable all the evening. . . But now, Elinor, to come back to our affairs—*are* you well settled—*are* you contented, or are you not? If not, don't despair—try another situation, and if that doesn't do, come back to the maternal arms of 'the world's Cushla machree.'

"'*Her* gates open wide to the poor and the stranger.'

but you are neither, Nell!—friends and, perhaps, even a trifle of fortune await you. If Canadian skies are gloomy for you, come back to your home for you have one here,—so long as the big brass plate on the door in Dominick street bears the name of Terence O'Shaughnessy you are all right. When that disappears or gives place to another, you may reckon that you have lost a friend. People are advising me lately to retire on account of a certain asthmetic affection which annoys me now and then, but I won't retire—that's the fact,—as long as I'm able to crawl into Court, I'll still be T. O'S., Attorney-at-Law, for if I weren't that I'd be nothing, and the sexton might prepare me a new house as soon as he pleased. God bless you, Elinor! God bless you—if I never see you again, I love you as a daughter—you needn't laugh now—that's just the plain truth. I never was ass enough to think of you in any other way, though Maria, in her wild days, used to quiz me on the subject. But those days are all past—I think Maria has never been so gay since you left—at least she seldom indulges in merriment. Yet believe me it isn't Arthur's fault—

"For she hath been a happy wife—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth—
A sense of slight—of loneliness hath never banish'd sleep,
Her life hath been a cloudless one—then wherefore doth she weep?"

Mind *I* didn't say she wept—Haynes Bayley might have had her in his eye for all I know, when he wrote those lines, but if Maria doesn't weep she certainly looks quite sober—old madam's doings, I'll be bound. The old hare! if it was she that carried off or squeezed out, Maria's piquant drollery, I could find in my heart to leave her standing for a night in solitary grandeur a-top of Nelson's pillar. But nothing of this, mind! when you write to Maria. Farewell! once more—by the bye! give my compliments to that old Brigadier of whom George speaks—tell him if ever he comes to Dublin, to be sure and pay old Shaugh a visit—if I'm a living man, he'll be sure of as good a dinner, wine included—as he'll get from this to himself—I've a notion that hearts are trump when he turns up. As for his rib—I fancy she's a *spare* one—tell her if she'd only leave off her swaddling propensities, she'd be welcome as the flowers in May, for I think, from what George says, she has treated you rather kinkly. There now—I protest I'll not write another word—yes, I will—Ally, my old housekeeper, sends her love and best respects to you and Master George,—she bids me tell you that she says the Beads for you once a week. Let us know did you ever see or hear anything of Larry and his yoke-fellow. Adieu."

I gave my old friend's characteristic invitation verbatim to the General, who received it very kindly: "Upon my honor, Miss Preston, if ever I do visit the Emerald Isle, which is not at all beyond the range of probability, I'll certainly avail myself of your friend's very kind invitation. I've an idea that he's a brick—pardon the vulgarism, but I can find no word better adapted to convey my conception of old Shaugh, as he pleasantly calls him!"

I then ventured to repeat that portion of the message which related to her ladyship, at which the General laughed heartily. "Well, really now, that's good—capital, I should say. Swaddling propensities!—that's just the word, but it wouldn't do to tell her so, for she'd never forgive jolly old Shaugh—never, in the world. *I* know the canters—I do—charity is always on their lips, but confoundedly seldom in their hearts—they're the bitterest crew living. But, I say, Miss Preston! have you heard from George lately? He'll be bringing you a Creole sister some of these days. He'll captivate an heiress, or I'm much mistaken. What would you think of that?"

"I have not the slightest objection, sir, provided he secures his own happiness. I'm pretty certain that George will never marry for money alone!"

"I should hope not, indeed!" said the General very seriously, "marry for love and work for riches, as the old proverb has it—that's what we did—eh, Dorothy?" to Lady D——, who just then entered.

"What did you say, Henry?"

"I say we married for love not for riches, my dear," raising his voice, then to me in an undertone, "That's true enough, Miss Preston!—and notwithstanding her swaddling propensities, as Shaugh says, I have never had cause to repent *my* choice—even the canters haven't been able to spoil Dorothy." I loved the good old man at the moment for the affectionate pride with with which his eye rested on his aged wife. She had not caught the full meaning of his words, but she well understood the accompanying glance, and to it she replied: "Yes, to be sure, we married for love, and I'm proud to say our marriage has been a happy one, excepting the loss of our children, but love supported us even through that, I'd be dead and in my grave years ago, Miss Preston, my dear! if it hadn't been for that hard-featured, grey-headed old man. He's not so hard as he looks, I can tell you."

"Upon my word, Dorothy, you're very complimentary as regards my outward man. But never mind—I won't retort. We've got an invitation to Ireland, my dear!"

"An invitation to where?"

"To Ireland!" He then told as much as he chose of what O'Shaughnessy had said. She seemed rather pleased and smiled very graciously.

"Well! now, do you know I should like very much to see something of Ireland, if I ever went home to England. I have a great desire to visit the Lord's vineyard at—what's that place in Connaught——"

"Achill!" I suggested in my loudest voice.

"Exactly!—I have heard so much of the wonderful regeneration effected in that neighborhood by the word of God that I should like of all things to see it. It appears there have been thousands converted from Romanism in that locality alone."

"I am sorry to contradict your ladyship," I said, "but it is my duty to do it notwithstanding. The accounts which you have seen are those returned to their patrons and employers by the agents of the Church Missionary Society. The injustice to the poor people whose faith they were commissioned to buy up, I must candidly inform you that their statements are *wholly* unfounded. Not only have we the testimony of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood to that effect, but even that of Protestant visitors who penetrated to those remote regions for the express purpose of investigating the matter. It is latterly pretty generally understood that what your ladyship calls the wonderful regeneration of the Achill islanders is a pure fiction."

"So the golden bullets of Exeter Hall have *not* annihilated Popery after all," observed Sir Henry, with his dry, inward laugh; "what a tough hide that monster must have—excuse me, Miss Preston! I do but borrow the language of the conventicle."

"Nonsense, Elinor," screamed her ladyship, "there is no sort of use in denying the fact that the Gospel is making rapid strides in Ireland."

"I do not *mean* to deny it, Lady ——. The Gospel is making, and has made such rapid strides that it rules and animates the entire country. In fact it has done so for over fourteen centuries. St. Patrick himself gave the Gospel to the people, and if they haven't taken good care of it since no people ever did."

The Brigadier laughed at this unexpected turn, but Lady —— waxed somewhat angry.

"Pshaw, Elinor, I don't mean *that* form of Christianity which has hitherto prevailed in Ireland—it is next to none."

I acknowledged the compliment by a bow, and was preparing my verbal thanks, when a loud ring of the door-bell echoed through the house, and immediately a servant entered with a handful of letters. This exciting incident sent the conversion of Ireland to Jericho or any other remote station for the time being, and it so happened that the subject was never again brought up for discussion during my remaining stay in that house.

My share of the package was a letter from George, written in very goods spirits, and one from Rebecca Wortley, announcing her approaching marriage. This was all very satisfactory, and furnished with a fresh stock of cheerfulness which Lady —— persisted in ascribing to certain "good news from home" of a particular nature, as she emphatically said. In fact, she went so far as to hint her conviction that I had still a *tender* connection with my native land. Unfortunately she did not confine this notion to her own mind but was pleased to communicate it rather freely to her visitors, to the great discouragement of two individuals who had been saying soft things to me for some time past, when opportunity served. One of these was an antiquated beau who, if he had not "walk'd the world for fourscore years," had at least been half a century on its stage in one capacity and another. Like the Nabob in the song,

"His guineas were yellow, but so were his cheeks,"

and there was, moreover, a look of jaundiced melancholy about him that was anything but prepossessing. The other admirer was a dandified young gentleman some two or three years younger than myself—one of those creatures who haunt ball-rooms and other such places of public amusement, doing the amiable to ladies in general and to rank and what *they* consider fashion in particular. This rare specimen sported quite a stylish *imperial*, dressed in the most approved style, and affected a most supercilious tone towards those whom he judged below the mark. However it happened that

Lady ——'s humble companion found favor in such fastidious eyes I am not prepared to say, but such was actually the case, and notwithstanding the extra coldness with which I made it a point to treat him, he still hung on, doing everything he could to make himself agreeable, and producing an effect diametrically opposite to what he intended. Neither of these two gentlemen had ever "declared his intentions" as speculating mammas are wont to say—so that I had had no chance of ridding myself of their very disagreeable attentions. But all at once came Lady ——'s broad innendo—I really believe she meant it for the very purpose—and quick as lightning dropped off my junior admirer—the senior held out a week or so longer, and might actually have ventured to inquire whether the Irish affair was or was not an obstacle, but luckily for me somebody told him that I had said he wore a wig—it was a fine fabrication, to be sure, but it served me well, for after that my old beau could never look me straight in the face. His sweetness, as regarded me, was thenceforward turned into gall and wormwood.

Lady ——, just as I supposed, called on me for a large measure of gratitude, which I certainly was quite willing to render, notwithstanding the circuitous route by which she had effected my deliverance. "I don't know," said she, "whether there's any Ulysses in the case, but you were certainly besieged as close as ever Penelope was. It takes me to make a clear riddance."

I, of course, expressed my obligation, and with a smile which I felt to be melancholy, assured her ladyship that she had no secret to learn with regard to me.

(To be continued.)

THE GAELS OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

Dr. John O'Donovan read the following paper on the Characteristics, Physical and Moral, of the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland, before Section E of the British Association, on Thursday, the 27th of August. He said:

It is now universally admitted by the learned that the *Gaidhil*, or ancient inhabitants of Ireland and of the Highlands of Scotland, and the Cymri, or Ancient Britons, are the descendants of the Celtæ of Gaul, and retain dialects flowing from the language of that people. The invariable tradition of the Gaedhil themselves is, that they came from Spain into Ireland. The earliest writer who mentions the Celtæ is Herodotus, who flourished about 413 years before Christ. He states that the Celtæ and Cynetæ dwelt in the remotest quarters of Europe, towards the setting sun; but the most copious and valuable account of them which has descended to us is contained in Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. In this work they are described as a numerous and warlike people, who occupied nearly one-half of Gallia, or France. A colony of the same people occupied a great part of the north of Spain, where they were called *Celtiberi*, having crossed the Pyrennees from Gaul, and settled at first on the river Iberus, or Ebro, whence the name Celt Iberi. These who were probably the ancestors of the Celtæ or Gaedhil of Ireland, are described as the most powerful and warlike of all the tribes or nations of Spain. Cæsar says that the people called Celtæ in their own language were styled *Galli* in the Roman or Latin tongue; but nothing is to be found in the Commentaries to throw any light upon this difference of name. At the present day the Welsh call the Irish and Highlanders *Guydhil;* but the two latter now style themselves *Gaoidhill* or *Gaedhil*, aspirating *dh*, as the English do their *gh:* although it is probable that the *dh* was pronounced originally. The identity of the race of the Celtæ of Gaul with that of the ancient inhabitants of Britain and Ireland has been argued from the same work, where it is stated that the great school of the Druids of Gaul was in Britain. The next authority relied on in proof of this identity is Tacitus, who in his "Life of Agricola," states that there is very little difference between the soil and climate, the religious worship and dispositions of the inhabitants of Ireland and those of Britain. The paper then enumerates, after a German writer, a number of ancient Gaulish words that have been preserved by classic writers, and that afford strong grounds for believing that the language was a kindred one with the original dialects of the British islands. The name of Celtæ was never applied to the Irish before the seventeenth century. They never applied it to themselves, but always understood it to be the name of the ancient inhabitants of France—"*Scoti sumus non Galli*," they said—"We are Gaels, not Gauls." But as soon as the writers who wished to favor them had succeeded in making the literary public believe that the ancient Irish were Celtæ, then their enemies endeavored with all their might to prove that their ancestors of Gaul were no better than savages. Pinkerton said, "the mythology of the Celtæ resembled, in all probability, that of the Hottentots, or others of the rudest savages, as the Celtæ anciently were, and are little better at present, being incapable of any progress in society." Now, continued Dr. O'Donovan, without wishing to indulge in any of that Celtomania which characterised the writings of Irish and Welsh antiquaries of the last century, I may remark that Pinkerton has here calculated too much on the thoughtlessness or ignorance of his readers, for neither he nor any one else knew, or knows, a word of the ancient history of the Celtæ, except what is contained in the classical authors, and especially in the sixth book of Cæsar's Commentaries, from which it is clear that the Celtæ of Gaul had made considerable progress in civilization—that they had an order of priests, called Druids, who believed in, and inculcated the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the metempsychosis—that they offered various sacrifices—that they worshipped Mercury as their favorite god, because they believed him to be the inventor of all the arts and the promoter of mercantile affairs, and that next after Mercury they worshipped Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. Cæsar says, on the other hand, of the Germans, that they had no Druids to preside over religious affairs, and that they paid no attention to sacrifices, that they only worshipped those gods whom they saw with their own eyes—as the sun, Vulcan (fire), and the moon. In these passages the true line of distinction between the Teutonic and Celtic races is drawn by this great Roman general and statesman—a distinction which nearly holds good to the present day, after the lapse of nineteen centuries, and the various admixtures of the two races. As to whether the Celtic race is capable of making any progress in society it would require more than mere assertion to prove they were not. The ancient Irish people, who were in reality the Celts whom Pinkerton had in view, were the teachers of letters and religion to the Saxons in Britain and to various other Teutonic people. Dr. O'Donovan next proceeded to lay before the meeting certain facts regarding the ancient condition of the Gaedhil and Cymri, of which little notice had as yet been taken by any writer, introducing them by some remarkable instances of similarity between peculiarities recorded by Cæsar of the ancient Gauls and those of the Irish. Among these he alluded to the great stature of the Celtæ of Gaul, and of the Gædhil of Ireland, as compared with that of the Romans, and produced a number of authorities to show the stature, vigor, and valor of the ancient Irish. The first important notice, he observed, of the valor of the ancient people of Ireland, is found in the poet Claudian, who describes the success of Stillicho in repelling them. "By him," says this poet, speaking in the person of Britannia, "was I protected when the Scot moved all Ierne against me, and the sea foamed with his hostile oars." Passing over some fabulous accounts of the gigantic stature of the ancient Irish, quoted by Ussher and others, we find a most important and interesting description of the stature and personal appearance of the Irish race at the period of the English invasion, and before they had received any admixture of Saxon or Norman blood, in Giraldus Cambrensis, who first came to Ireland in 1183, and again in 1185 as tutor to John, Earl of Morton, afterwards King of England, and who wrote a series of chapters on the topography, history, manners, and customs of the Irish. He says that all the animals of Ireland were smaller than those he had seen elsewhere, that men alone retained his Majesty of Stature. He states that the Irish knew nothing of artificial nursing, but that they nevertheless "grew up by nature into most beautiful, tall, symmetrical, and strong persons, of well-formed and well-colored faces." The only Irishman whose person he describes in particular is Dermot MacMorogh, King of Leinster, and this, taken with his general description of the Irish as a race, is sufficient to satisfy any one that the Gaedhils of Ireland were as tall in the 12th century, as the Celts of Gaul were in Cæsar's time. Giraldus says Dermicius (Dermot) was a man of grand stature, of very large body; that he was bold and warlike; and that from his continual shouting in battle his voice was hoarse. He preferred being feared rather than loved by all; he was an oppressor of his nobles, an exalter of the humble, &c. The paper next quotes Anglo-Norman and French testimonies of the stature and physical capabilities of the Irish in the reign of Richard II., (A. D. 1399,) and in subsequent reigns, such as Froissart, Hollinshed, Spencer, &c., many of them exceedingly curious from the quaintness of their style as well as the statements which they contained. Their ancient extracts appeared to amuse and interest the audience very much; and, in conclusion, Dr. O'Donovan said that, having detained the section so long with these evidences of the physical condition of the ancient Irish, he would reserve, with the president's permission, the illustrations of their moral and mental condition for another occasion. Dr. O'Donovan then sat down amidst much cheers.

THE IRISH MILITIA.

Never were men more vilely used, or more ungratefully, than the militia disbanded last year. During the pressure of the war they were bepraised beyond all measure—when the danger had passed—when their services were no longer required—they were sent adrift on the world—some of them at the distance of hundreds of miles from their homes, all but naked, all but penniless—abandoned to mendicancy, to the charity of union workhouses, forced suddenly into a pre-occupied labor market in which employment was all but hopeless. Induced to volunteer for the militia by a promise of a bounty of six pounds—they were discharged, at the end of six months or a year, with a magnificent instalment of the promised bounty of ten shillings, and the agreeable assurance, as we recollect, that the residue would be discharged by further annual instalments of £1. Thus was the Irish Celt treated. How differently were the German Legionaries treated—the offscourings of the petty states of Germany, men, who when embodied were not a protection but a positive danger—as the criminal annals of England from 1854 to 1856 attest, to the locality unfortunate enough to be afflicted with their presence. These men received on being disembodied a half year's pay each (about twenty pounds). Naked and foot-sore the Irish discharged militiaman, with the residue of his ten shillings in his pocket, had painfully to make his way to his distant home. Not so the German Legionary, with twenty pounds in his pocket, he had the option offered him of a free passage to his own country, or a free passage to a healthy British colony, with a grant of land there, and the means to stock and cultivate it. Happy German cousin—luckless Irish subject. Again, the Irish peasant is Catholic. Bad enough to be almost exclusively officered by Protestants; but, worse still, for him to find that his religion barred his promotion even to two stripes or a halbert. The militia staffs afford evidence conclusive of the systematic exclusion, from preferment, of Catholic soldiers. For this reason, also, it will be difficult to induce the Irish peasant to accept "the Saxon Shilling." Last, although not least, will it operate against the proposed enrolment of the militia, that the Land Question has not been settled. The Irish son and brother will not lightly leave his parents—his brothers and his sisters, for the service of a government which refuses to provide for these, his nearest and dearest kindred, security from landlord spoliation, from agent persecution, and from famine-deaths.—*Midland Counties Gazette.*

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

CAPTAIN JOHN MAC NAMARA.

This sept were chiefs of the territory now known as the barony of Tulla, with part of that of Bunratty, county of Clare; and enjoyed the rank of hereditary marshals of the O'Briens, kings of Thomond. They were very powerful, and had many castles. In 1402, Quin Abbey was founded in this county for Franciscan friars by Shedagh Cam Mac Namara, Lord of Clan-Cuilein, who appointed it the burial place for bimself and his posterity. In 1408, Henry the Fourth granted to Margaret, daughter of "the Mac Namara," of the Irish Nation, that she and all her issue might be free, and use the English habit and law. In 1496, the Castle of Feyback was taken by the Lord Deputy from Eugene Mc Namara. In 1543, the Privy Council of Ireland transmitted a recommendation to the king, advising his Majesty that "an Irish captain, called Shedagh Mac Namara, bordering on O'Brien's lands and possessing those of Clan-Cullen in Thomond, sought to be advanced to the honor of Baron of Clan-Cullen, with his place in parliament, offering, if he obtained such distinction, to hold his territory by Knight's service; and, for that the said Mac Namara is a man whose ancestors have in those parts always borne a great sway, and one that for himself is of honest conformity, and whose lands lie wholly on the 'furside' of the Shannon, we beseech your Majesty to regard him, but so as not to entitle him or his heirs to any land or dominion on this side of the Shannon." On the occasion of Perrot's Conciliation Parliament of 1585, "there went thither Turlogh, son of Teigue, son of Conor O'Brien, and the Lord of the western part of Clan-Cullen, namely, John Mac Namara, *i. e.*, John the son of Teigue, as one of the Knights of Parliament for the county of Clare." So say the Four Masters, whose Annals abound with notices of this ancient sept. Daniel Mac Namara of Doone and John Mac Namara of Moriorsky were of the Supreme Council that assembled in 1646 at Kilkenny.

This Captain John had livery of his estates in the county of Clare, out of the Court of Wards in 1637, and having been ousted in the civil war of 1641, he was, by a clause in the Act of Settlement, restored to his principal seat with 2,000 acres of land; and the same statute in the Declaration which it contains of Royal gratitude for services during the exile, names this same Mac Namara as one who, "for reasons known to us, in an especial manner merited our grace and favor." He would seem to be identical with John Mac Namara of Cruttilagh or Cratloe, who was Sheriff of Clare in 1686-7, and one of its representatives in the Irish Parliament of 1689, having previously obtained, in October, 1685, a patent from King James for erecting the lands of Cratillow into a manor.

In King James's New Charters, Thomas Macnamara was a Burgess in that to Limerick; as were Florence and John in another to Ennis. Florence Macnamara was one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the county of Clare, and he was a Captain in Lord Clare's Dragoons, in which Laurence and Daniel Macnamara were Quarter-Masters. Hugh Macnamara commanded a troop of Grenadiers in the Earl of Tyrone's Infantry; Miles was a Quarter-Master in Colonel Cormuck O'Neill's; while in Colonel Charles O'Brien's, Donogh and Thady Macnamara were Captains, and a second Donogh a Lieutenant. Teigue Macnamara, of the Ayle line of this sept, raised an independent troop for King James's service after the battle of the Boyne, with which he garrisoned the Castle of Clare, and held it until the capitulation of Limerick; in the Articles for which he, being included, saved his estate and removed to the old family mansion at Ayle.

Captain John rose to be a Lieutenant-Colonel in this service. He married to his first wife the Lady Elizabeth O'Brien, eldest daughter of Murrogh, the first Earl of Inchiquin. She died in 1688, when it would appear he married a second time the relict of Richard Southwell, Esq., father of Sir Thomas Southwell, afterwards Lord Southwell. John was outlawed, but was subsequently adjudged within the Articles of Limerick. Others of the name then attained were Florence Macnamara of Dromore, Donogh of Mohir, Thomas of Limerick, and John of Ralshine, county of Limerick.

At the Court of Chichester House, John Macnamara, styled of "Creevagh," claimed and was allowed a mortgage affecting estates of Lord Clare; as did John, the son, heir, and executor of his father James, the benefit of a mortgage affecting said estates, and his claim was also allowed. Teigue Macnamara claimed, in right of his wife, an interest in lands in the county of Clare, the forfeiting proprietor of which was Redmond Magrath,—but his claim was disallowed; as was another claim of his to a freehold in Clare lands, forfeited by Lord Clare, and which Teigue claimed, in right of his father, John Macnamara, to whom they had been leased, and who died in 1690.

In 1845, Lieutenant Macnamara, of the Irish Brigade, was killed in Flanders. And in two years after died in France, John Macnamara, a distinguished Admiral in that service; he was, according to MacGeoghegan, of the grand military order of St. Louis, and Governor of the Port of Rochford. His nephew was commander of the "Frepinne," in which he took a number of valuable prizes.

A SINGULAR LEGEND.—In the ancient legends as well as the prophesies, of a by-gone time, there was much that was obscure, especially at the period in which the one was uttered and the other related. The prophesies most generally had reference to a distant future, and from such fact, were the more difficult of solution. Various, however, were the interpretations given to them, while some of the latter were as irreconcilable to the circumstances detailed, and as distinct in their explanations, as the unriddling of the dreams of a night, or the solving of the visions of the imaginative. Who, when St. Brendan lived, would infer from the legend, which the Bishop of Kerry introduced in his capital address, delivered at the banquet—given in honor of the laying down of the transatlantic cable—that the great river, which, it is related, the saint encountered, after setting sail from the northern head of Valencia, and proceeding westward, was in a new world—was the Mississippi—and, that it was the "Father of Waters," if the slightest reliance can be placed on the legend, there is no doubt. The connected sentence reads, that, "proceeding westward, St. Brendan came to a vast continent." What other continent is there beyond "the westernmost island of the old world," than America, of which the Norwegians and other peoples seem to have had a very early, but indistinct knowledge?

There is much embraced in the past relative to the present, if we were only competent to divine it. If the records of years long since transpired, had been preserved and handed down to us, a great deal that now partakes of the enigmatical and mysterious would admit of ready elucidation. How wondrous, if centuries anterior to Columbus's discovery, the vast continent of America was known and visited! If St. Brendan, according to the legend which, the bishop states, was sung by mediæval poets, voyaged over ocean, from the point where a commencement was recently made in the laying down of the Atlantic, or transatlantic cable, undoubtedly, he must have had some *compagnons de voyage;* some navigators, or aiding mariners, and, by them, as well as the saint, the great river and vast continent must have been witnessed. Or, could it be that, singly and alone, in some fairy boat, or cockle-shell shallop, after sailing, or "travelling," as the legend has it—solus—he reached that distant land, beyond the western wave, which, in the olden time, by the scientific, was thought to exist? The theory entertained in the mediæval ages regarding the existence of a great and extensive land; far away over the immense, and then little traversed or known ocean, must have been a very imperfect and a visionary one. It was, however, a day dream of the learned, and by the ignorant and uninstructed ridiculed. As would, even in this boasted and enlightened age, the broaching of the idea, that far beyond the Arctic region, an immense land, vast as our continent exists.—*Orleanian.*

Caroline, the wife of George II., attended at her toilet and devotions at the same time. When her nymphs were adorning her body, the chaplain, Whiston, stood at the door proffering prayers for her soul. Sometimes the nymphs would shut the door, and then the chaplain would stop. This nettled the Queen, who inquired—"Why do you stop?" "Because," said the chaplain, "I do not wish to whistle the word of God through a keyhole."

A visitor at Kilkee narrowly escaped drowning in the vicinity of the "Puffing-hole" opposite Mr. Studdert's house, having, while sitting on a rock, been carried out by a wave, but was providentially cast in again, having sustained a severe chafing about the shoulders.

Mrs. Ann Small and her daughter, who were rescued from the Central America steamship arrived in Newburyport, Mass., on the 23d ult., in good health.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Penal Laws—Reminiscences of Father Grady—Birth of the Princess Royal—The Duke of Wellington—The "Young Volunteer"—O'Connell's Recollections of the Period of the Union—His first Political Speech—Irish and English Popular Agitation contrasted.

THE 19th of November was a cold, windy day, yet the bright sunshine tempted all the family to walk. The mountains were covered with a dazzling coat of snow, several feet in depth, which had fallen the preceding night. It was a scene of wild, wintry grandeur. O'Connell walked along the beach until dusk.

Next evening he gave us some interesting reminiscences of the operation of the Penal Laws.

"My poor old confessor, Father Grady," said he, "who was priest of this parish, and resided with my uncle here when I was a boy, was tried in Tralee on the charge of being a Popish priest; but the judge defeated Grady's prosecutors by distorting the law in his favor. There was a flippant scoundrel, who came forward to depose to his having said Mass.

"'Pray, sir,' said the judge, 'how do you know he said Mass?'

"'Because I heard him say it, my lord.'

"'Did he say it in Latin? asked the judge.

"'Yes, my lord.'

"'Then you understand Latin?'

"'A little.'

"'What *words* did you hear him say?'

"'*Ave Maria.*'

"'That is the Lord's Prayer, is it not?' asked the judge.

"'Yes, my lord,' was the fellow's answer.

"'Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner!' cried the judge; 'he swears *Ave Maria* is Latin for the Lord's Prayer!'

"The judge charged the jury for the prisoner; so my poor old friend Father Grady was acquitted. I wish," continued O'Connell, "that I could remember all the oddities and drolleries of Grady—some of them were amusing enough. When he lived at Darrynane, he slept in an office near the house. One rainy night, when he returned wet and weary from a distant station, he went to bed, and had not been asleep an hour, when a servant aroused him, saying that Mrs. M'Sweeny had just been confined—that as the infant was sickly, and probably would not live till morning, his reverence must christen it *instanter*. Grady accordingly put on his wet clothes, went through the rain to the dwelling-house, christened the child, and returned to his bed. In another half-hour he was summoned again—the lady had just produced a second child; puny like its predecessor, and requiring to be immediately christened. Grady again put on his wet clothes, ran across to the house through the rain, christened the second infant, and returned to bed. Half an hour again had scarcely elapsed, when he was a *third* time summoned! for a *third* child had just been produced, requiring, like the others, instant baptism! Poor Grady's equanimity was somewhat disturbed. He got up and christened the brat; but instead of returning to bed, went straight to the stable, saddled his horse, and was riding away, when old Maurice O'Connell hailed him, and asked what on earth he was about?

"'I am going, dear!' ruefully answered the priest.

"'Going! Where can you possibly be going such a night, and at such an hour?'

"'Anywhere at all out of this place, dear! Mrs. M'Sweeney has some spite against me; and if I stay here, she'll be borning young *ravens* every half-hour till morning!'

"And notwithstanding all that Maurice could say, his reverence departed, and got a bed at some parishioner's house.

"At that time there were faction fights between the Lynes and the Eagers at Killarney. One day Father Grady sold a pair of heifers for twelve shillings at Killarney fair, which were well worth two pounds. He did so out of sheer simplicity. Presently afterwards, a faction fight took place; the Lynes raising the war-whoop of '*Five pounds for the head of an Eager!*' On the following day, one of the Eagers, a professed wag, attempted to quiz the priest for his simplicity in selling his heifers so much below the real value.

"'I hear, Father Grady,' said he, 'there were very fine prices for beasts at the fair—espcially for heifers.'

"'In troth, dear,' retorted Grady, 'I can't say I found it so; all beasts went cheap enough *except the Eagers*—but I heard five pounds a head bid for *them!*'

"Father Grady was at Louvain at the period of the wars in Flanders, and found himself reduced to the utmost distress, his profession not affording him the means of subsistence. He begged his way to the coast, in the hope of meeting some ship that might take him to Ireland; and, amongst other adventures, he fell in with a band of robbers. One of the robbers was a Kerry man, named Denis Mahony; who, for country's sake, gave the priest the means of proceeding to Ireland. Father Grady used to say, 'God be merciful to poor Denis Mahony! I found him a very useful friend in need. But troth, dear, it might not have been very convenient to have him as a neighbor!'

"The young men who met Grady at Darrynane amused themselves quizzing him upon his suspicious connection with Denis Mahony and intimated that what he represented as the robber's voluntary gift was, in fact, Grady's *share of the booty.*"

O'Connell accounted for the appearance of a Kerry man among a Flemish band of robbers, by supposing that Denis Mahony might have been a deserter from Marlborough's army, and have joined the gang in the absence of any other mode of subsistence.

On the 24th of November, the London papers brought the news of Her Majesty's accouchement of a daughter. O'Connell read it aloud, *pro bono publico*, with lively satisfaction.

"Blessed be God!" he said, "the young mother is safe. God preserve the dear little lady!"

In the course of this, or the following day, he mentioned that he had in his possession an original letter of the Duke of Wellington's eldest brother, Marquis Wellesley, addressed to a Mr. Mockler of Trim, in reply to an application which Mockler had made to the writer (who was then Earl of Mornington), to procure a commission in the army for his son. The brother of the future victor of Waterloo apologizes to Mockler for his inability to assist him; saying that commissions were so hard to be got that *his brother Arthur's name had been two years upon the list, and he had not yet got an appointment.*

It is fortunate for the liberties of Europe that "brother Arthur" afterwards succeeded in obtaining a commission.

The letter does not bear the date of any year; but O'Connell conjectured that it must have been written in 1787.

The merits of the Iron Duke were then discussed.

"I have two faults to find with him," observed O'Connell; "one is, that I never yet heard of his promoting any person in the army from mere merit, unless backed by some interest. The second fault is, that the duke has declared that the only misfortune of his life is his being an Irishman. There is a meanness—a paltriness in this, incompatible with greatness of soul. But abstractedly from sentiment, he may be right enough; for, great as his popularity and power have been in England, I have no doubt they would have been infinitely greater if he had been an Englishman. John Bull's adoration would have been even more intense and devoted, if the idol had not been a Paddy."

A gentleman, who was at this time on a visit to the Liberator, had ridden out to some distance in the morning to shoot, and had taken four men with him to mark the game. He had fagged a good deal all day, and only succeeded in shooting a jacksnipe. On his return he took a warm bath, and was mercilessly quizzed by O'Connell for his day's exploits.

"Only conceive," said O'Connell, "our sportsman was so overcome with the monstrous fatigue of shooting a snipe, that he was actually obliged to take a warm bath in order to recruit his strength after such an awful slaughter. John! John! you may lay claim to some originality; for I don't believe that anybody else ever brought out four men and a horse to carry home one snipe. Stay—what an excellent newspaper paragraph might be made out of it, thus—'SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY! Yesterday, John P——, Esq., one of her Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Kerry, left home at an early hour in the morning, to enjoy the recreation of shooting, after his late severe magisterial duties. The worshipful gentleman was well provided with game-bags, arms, and ammunition; and after a day's indefatigable perseverance, he, his four attendants, and a horse, returned, laden with an entire jacksnipe!'"

O'Connell told us, that in the place where the dining-table stood, there had been a large rock, which he was obliged to blast when clearing the foundation for the dining-room. "When the rock was bored," said he, "and the train of gunpowder ready to be ignited, I stood at the kitchen-door to watch the explosion. There was a cross-grained, ill-conditioned little terrier about the place, a *contankrous* cur, that snarled and snapped at every body, and was a general nuisance; but as it had been my uncle's, I did not get it shot. It was an inquisitive brute, too, always peeping and prying, and I could not help laughing when I saw it peeping into the bore just as the train was about to be fired. 'Ha!' thought I, 'you'll catch it now, at last!' The match was applied—bang! went the rock in fragments, but the cur, instead of being blown aloft, was merely turned over on his back, and scampered off without receiving any injury, as soon as he recovered from the stunning effects of the shock. No doubt he wouldn't have escaped if he had been the least good in the world!"

Walking along the beach one morning, O'Connell pointed out the mode in which he resisted the encroachments of the sea. A paling of alder poles interwoven with bushes is placed along the beach a little above high-water mark. A bulwark of such perishable materials requires to be renewed once a year; yet, by checking the action of the tide, it has accumulated a considerable quantity of sand, which preserves the soil within its ridgy barriers from being worn away by the waves. Ere this simple precaution was taken, the encroachments of the sea had been very considerable. The beach presents a fine firm footing of white sand, beneath which, at the depth of a few feet, are the remains of a turf bog.

"There is," said O'Connell, "a similar bottom under the sands on the beach of Ballinskeligs Bay, near the racecourse. I remember when a Cork and Bristol trading vessel, called 'The Young Volunteer,' was wrecked there. She was dashed among rocks, where she got firmly fixed; the crew were going to put into the boats and row ashore, but the peasantry made signs to them to stay where they were. They were not much inclined to attend to these signs, and were rapidly getting into the boats, when a man named William Murphy levelled a musket at them, and thus compelled them to stay in the vessel. They ascribed this conduct to inhumanity, but they soon were undeceived. The receding tide left their vessel high and dry. At low water they were able to wade to the shore; whereas they would have been certainly swamped, had they tried in the high tide and rough sea to reach the shore in their boats."

The sun was now setting; his rays were intercepted from the part of the beach where we stood, by the rocks of the Abbey Island. "Come," said O'Connell, "let us turn. Now, *do* look at those majestic mountain waves," he continued, facing towards the sea; "how often have I walked down here to watch the white breakers dashing in, and bursting in foam against the rocks!"

It was a beautiful evening. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, and the rocky outline of the Abbey Island was clearly defined against the golden sky of sunset. The pure green waters of the bay lay dark in shadow beneath the rocks to the right; whilst the hills on the other side were lighted up with the last rays of evening.

"Fine weather for hunting," said O'Connell; "the sky promises well for to-morrow."

The Repeal was talked of; and he said:

"The year of the Union I was travelling through the mountain district from Killarney to Kenmare—my heart was heavy at the loss that Ireland had sustained, and the day was wild and gloomy. That desert district, too, was congenial to impressions of solemnity and sadness. There was not a human habitation to be seen for many miles; black, giant clouds sailed slowly through the sky, and rested on the tops of the huge mountains; my soul felt dreary, and I had many wild and *Ossianic* inspirations as I traversed the bleak solitudes.

"It was the Union that first stirred me up to come forward in politics. My Uncle Maurice was scarcely pleased at my taking a public part; not that he approved of the Union, but politics appeared to him to be fraught with great peril; and he would have preferred my appearing on some question which would, in his opinion, more directly concern the Catholics."

I asked O'Connell if he was in Dublin when the Union passed.

"Yes," he answered, "but there was less excitement than you would imagine; the hatred which all classes (except the small government clique) bore to the measure, had settled down into sulky despondency. I was maddened when I heard the bells of St. Patrick ringing out a joyful peal for Ireland's degradation, as if it was a glorious national festival. My blood boiled, and I vowed, on that morning, that the foul dishonor should not last, if *I* could ever put an end to it."

O'Connell's first political speech was made against the measure of Union. He told me that he never wrote a speech beforehand; but of this, his first speech, he wrote the heads (a practice he frequently observed at all subsequent periods): and after it was delivered, he reported it at full length for the *Dublin Evening Post.* The meeting at which it was spoken was held at the Royal Exchange. Major Sirr endeavored to disperse the Anti-Unionists. But an application which was made to the Viceroy for permission to meet, was conceded; as his Excellency probably thought the success of the measure was effectually secured, and there could be no danger in permitting the remonstrants to assemble.

O'Connell contrasted his embarrassment when making his first speech with the ease and self-possession acquired by subsequent practice. "My face glowed," said he, "and my ears tingled at the sound of my own voice, but I got more courage as I went on."

Speaking of his own political agitation, as compared with the popular efforts of English Reformers, he thus criticised the latter: "In England they are very aristocratic agitators. If they want a public movement, they are never happy till they get some fellow with a handle to his name: some duke, if they can, and if not, a marquis; and so on down to a knight. Now, in Ireland if a titled man will join us, well and good—we are glad to have him. But if we cannot get him, why it never dispirits us, for we know what a movement exclusively popular is able to work out."

(To be continued.)

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON.

The Daily *Times* of this city gives the following notice of the late deeply lamented Lieut. Herndon, commander of the the ill-fated steamship *Central America*, which will be read with much interest. In the words of a cotemporary, his noble character is in no respect exaggerated or overvalued, as all who knew him—and who does not know him now?—will testify:

Captain William Lewis Herndon was a native of Fredericksburg, Va., and was the son of Dabney Herndon, Esq., a highly respected citizen of that place. He was born Oct. 25, 1813, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, 43 years of age, twenty-eight of which he had spent in the service of his country. He entered the Navy as a midshipman at the age of fifteen. His first voyage was to the Pacific, in the old frigate Guerriere. This cruise took three years. The next three years he spent in the Mediterranean, in the Constellation, and afterwards made a third cruise to the coast of Brazil. At this time he was attached to the Independence. About the time of his return the Florida war broke out, and a number of officers in the Navy volunteered for the service. Among them was young Herndon, who was placed in command of a brig at Indian Key. With his men he often penetrated the Everglades in boats, driving the Indians from the recesses of the swamps into the arms of the troops on the shore. In this difficult service, and on the coast, he remained two years. On his return he was attached to the National Observatory at Washington, then under the charge of his brother-in-law, Lieut. Maury. Here he remained three years. This service he found more arduous than life at sea, as he was often necessarily engaged all night in making astronomical observations. During the Mexican war, he applied for orders, and was appointed to the frigate Cumberland. He proceeded to Norfolk, and had embarked, when his destination was changed. Commodore Perry, then in the Gulf, had applied to the Department to send out to him an active and intelligent officer, who could speak the Spanish language, to be placed in command of a small steamboat to pass between the American squadron and the troops on shore. The Secretary of the Navy immediately designated Lieut. Herndon for the post, and he was transferred to the Iris, and sailed to join Commodore Perry. In this small vessel he remained till the close of the war, often performing tasks of much difficulty and danger, but with uniform skill and success. At the close of the war he returned to Washington, and spent another year at the Observatory.

It was in the exploration of the Amazon, during the years 1851 and 1852, that Lieut. Herndon chiefly distinguished himself; or rather, it was in the performance of this service that he is more widely known. He was selected "for this most important and delicate duty"—so his letter of instructions ran—because "it would call for the exercise of all those high qualities and attainments that he possessed." The object of the expedition was to obtain every information relating to the valley and river of the Amazon, including the entire basin or water-shed drained by that river and its tributaries. Lieut. Herndon's observations were to extend not only to the present condition of that valley, with regard to the navigability of its streams, but to the number and condition, both industrial and social, of its inhabitants; their trade and products; its climate, soil and productions; and also to its capacities for cultivation, and to the character and extent of its undeveloped commercial resources, whether of the field, the forest, the river, or the mine. At the time he received these instructions, Lieutenant Herndon was on board the Vandalia, then at Lima, in Peru, and from that point he was directed to cross the Cordillera and explore the Amazon from its source to its mouth.

Lieutenant Herndon entered upon the duties of his new mission with spirit and enthusiasm. To prepare himself for the expedition he spent four or five months in researches in Chili and Peru. He then left the Pacific coast, and ascended to the crest of the Andes, and from thence descended the Atlantic slope until he reached the head-waters of the Amazon, which, at four thousand miles distant from its mouth, is but a muddy stream, known as the Hualaga. Lieutenant Herndon travelled the entire distance, from the head-waters of canoe navigation to Para, in an open boat. It occupied him eleven months; and his report to the government, embodying a faithful and modest account of his journey, should be read by everyone interested in the development of the unbounded resources of the mightiest river in the world.

On his return to the United States, Lieut. Herndon was for some months in Washington engaged in the preparation of his work on the Amazon, which was published by the Government.

After this labor was completed he was ordered to the San Jacinto, then designed to cruise in the Baltic, during the presence there of the Allied fleets. But some accident occurring to her machinery she put into Southampton. This ship was ordered to convey Mr. Soule, who had been forbidden to pass through France, from Calais to Spain. On the return of the San Jacinto to the United States, Lieut. Herndon was transferred to the Potomac, under Commodore Paulding, but was soon after placed in command of the George Law. This was about two years ago. These California steamers, carrying United States Mails, are required by law to be under the command of officers of the Navy, and Lieut. Herndon was chosen for the responsible post. The name of the George Law was, only a few weeks ago, changed to that of the Central America, the loss of which is now mourned by thousands of hearts.

Lieut. Herndon was married 20 years since to an estimable lady of Virginia. His wife and an only daughter survive.

He was of a slight figure, but of an intrepid spirit. He was as gentle as he was brave. In the Navy he was universally beloved. In all quarrels between officers, he was known as a peacemaker. He never made an enemy.

The Norwalk (Ohio) *Reflector* says that J. C. Bennett, one of the itinerants who is engaged in "exposing the horrors of Popery," was bound over at Fitchville, last week, on a charge of bigamy. Failing to give the required bond for his appearance at court, he was committed to jail. He was recently married to a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Congregational Church at Fitchville. It is said he has a wife and five children living in the State of New York.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

About seven o'clock on Monday, the 7th of September, the inflammable materials in the brickfield of Mr. Hilland, at the rear of Sandy-row, near Wesley-place, were discovered to be on fire in four or five different places at once. This brickfield is very extensive, and being in the immediate neighborhood of the town, it is of vast use to the laboring population, many of whom are constantly employed by the spirited proprietor. The greater portion of the ground was shedded over, and the roofing, together with the gates, has been entirely destroyed, involving a loss of property to a considerable amount. It was useless to attempt to extinguish the flames they spread with such rapidity, owing, in a great measure, to the material of which the roofing was composed. It has not been ascertained whether the property was insured; but that it was a malicious burning there can be little doubt. Mr. Hilland is a Catholic, and it is supposed that the fact had something to do with the occurrence. Others, again, assert that the watchman caused the burning from his carelessness while smoking; but, be that as it may, the matter will most likely be inquired into, when the real cause will be ascertained. This was the only incendiary fire known to have taken place. Not a few persons have been very severely beaten. Mobs lurked at the corners of streets, in entries, and gateways, and fell upon innocent people when passing. Many cases of this nature have been narrated to the police authorities; but, as the aggressors are unknown, nothing can be done. On the Crumlin road the houses of some of the workers of Messrs. Johnson and Carlisle were wrecked by a mob of rioters. This party of men were brutally ill-using a man at the house in question, and the people very humanely gave the poor fellow shelter when their dwellings were attacked. A party paraded in the same locality at a later hour, playing fifes and drums. In Millfield, and the old "disturbed districts," shots were frequently fired, but without effect—one fellow, it has been asserted, assuring an admiring crowd that he could hardly hold his pistol, it was so warm, owing to the number of shots discharged therefrom. The Mayor, with many others of the local magistracy, were present, and by their judicious arrangements prevented the assembling of large bodies of men at any particular point. Tuesday evening rain set in, which has incessantly continued up to twelve o'clock, and has had the effect of keeping the people within doors. Everything is quiet so far.—*Belfast Mercury.*

Lord John Manners is the largest flax and linen manufacturer in Belfast, and carries on the manufacture in all its gradations except the weaving. No young people under fourteen years are employed in these mills, and thus all trouble from the educational clauses of the Factory Act is avoided. The chief markets are in the West Indies and South America, where linens are preferred for nearly every article of dress. Considerable attention is paid to the social and moral welfare of the workpeople in this establishment, and several of the best public charities of Belfast have been originated by one member of this remarkable firm.

With the evidences before their eyes of the wreck and ruin wrought by fanatic attacks on the creed of other people, it is strange that British Missionaries in this county will continue their insulting practices. The proselytizer still plies his unholy work, and the preacher brawls at our street corners. These things have brought forth their fruit in Belfast. We are glad to see that a commission has been issued to enquire into the Orange rioting of July. The commissioners are David Lynch, Esq., Q.C., and Hamilton Smythe, Esq., Q.C. Their inquiries will commence on Monday next.—*Nation.*

The Rev. W. Chichester O'Neil has erected in Randalstown church a very costly tablet, bearing the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the Right Hon. John Bruce Richard Viscount O'Neil, who departed this life 12th Feb., 1855, aged seventy-one years. This monument has been erected by the Rev. William Chichester O'Neil, successor to his estates, as a mark of personal gratitude and respect for his worth." The tablet was executed by Mr. Kirk, of Dublin; and for beautiful simplicity and elegant execution, could not be surpassed.

The constabulary force in Belfast is to be increased by an addition of thirty men; the half of this number is to be drawn from the county Antrim, and the remainder from Down, the expenses to be defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund. We look upon this addition to the force as an evidence of the determination of the authorities to put down effectually the disposition to riot and outrage which has recently manifested itself amongst the Orangemen of Belfast.

The average temperature of the past month was 6·4 higher at Belfast than that of the month of August in any of the last forty years. In London, the temperature of the month of August, 1857, has been 7·6 higher than that of the same month of the forty-three years past.

We regret to hear that many horned cattle are laboring under a distemper which has already proved extensively fatal in some of the adjoining baronies, where some animals have died, and others have been killed "to save them from dying."—*Ballymena Observer.*

Armagh.

During the violent thunder storm on Monday evening, Mr. Young, a gentleman residing near Fintona, while standing at his own hall-door, admiring the phenomenon, was struck by the electric fluid, and instantly fell down a blackened corpse.—*Gazette.*

Carlow.

It is stated upon what may be considered good authority, that the Carlow Militia are among the Irish regiments to be embodied at the close of the month. The staff of this regiment is recruiting for the following regiments: 1st Foot 1st Bat., 2d, 3d, 17th, 18th, 20th, 34th, 38th, 51st, 54th, 56th, 94th, 97th, and 2nd Bat. of Rifle Brigade.

Cork.

The American ship Western Star came in collision with a barque between the Old Head and our harbor, and, sad to relate, having struck her about midships, in a few minutes she went down and the Western Star passed over her. Not one of the crew have been saved, and from the accounts given by the sailors of the Western Star, many of them were on deck at the time of the collision; they also state that they were French or Spaniards. The Western Star was towed into harbor to-day, and taken to Browne's dock with loss of cutwater; she was bound from Rio to Cork for orders; her cargo is rice and sugar.—*Reporter.*

Mr. Scott Russell, whose name has been probably immortalized in the history of science by his connection with the Great Eastern, has arrived in Cork.

Clare.

Lord Francis Conyngham, M.P. for Clare, has procured an appointment in the Excise for a young lad who was formerly an inmate of the Limerick workhouse.

Honora Kelly, of Six-mile-bridge, is committed to Ennis gaol for concealing the birth of her child.

Donegal.

The Lord Chancellor has been pleased to appoint John Obius Woodhouse, Esq., of Kerrykeel, Ramelton, to the commission of the peace for the county of Donegal, on the nomination of the Marquis Abercorn, lieutenant of the county.

Dublin.

We understand that the Lord Lieutenant has, on the recommendation of the Board of Governors, appointed M. S. Lawlor, Esq., M.D., late resident physician and superintendent of the Killarney Lunatic Asylum, to the post of Manager of the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, Dublin, in the room of Samuel Wrigley, Esq., retired. The value of the situation is £400 per annum, with residence.—*Express.*

J. E. Hyndman, Esq., city coroner, held an inquest at 29 Barrick street, on the body of a publican named Joseph McQuade, aged thirty-four years. It appeared that the deceased, who was a very hard drinker, had been in a state of intoxication for some time past, and on the previous morning he was attacked with fits, and died in about ten minutes afterwards of *delirium tremens.*

Kerry.

At the last Tralee petty sessions, a young man named Howard was brought before the court, for stealing clothes from a house in this neighborhood (Tralee), and, seeing him a likely subject, a recruiting soldier of the 88th got into the dock, and, at the end of a short conference, gave the criminal a shilling and "made a soldier of him." When the case was called, the soldier announced the treaty, and Howard, having already endured five weeks' imprisonment, though the guilt was brought home to him, was let off with a nominal punishment, that he may the sooner be in a position to go off and fight the Sepoys.

We regret to learn of the demise of the Hon. William Henry Hare, second son of William, first Earl of Listowel, which took place a few days since at Stoke, Devonshire. He was born 1st of July, 1782, and married, 17th of July, 1806, Charlotte, only daughter of Mr. Isaac Baugh.

Kilkenny.

On Monday, 7th September, as the boys of the workhouse were out, they were addressed by two or three street-preachers, who, in most pathetic language, commenced to entreat the poor children to listen to their hypocritical discourse, and contiuued to inform them they were sending their souls to eternal flames by repeating the "Hail Mary." No notice was taken of them by the children, who at length, we understand, had to run in order to avoid any further of their disgusting conversation. On Friday, also, the head of the Soupers in this district, Mr. Meyers, commenced a discourse in Maudlin street, near the police barracks, holding an umbrella in his hand, to protect his most venerable and woe-begone face from the usurpation of the rain, which, in defiance of the laws of etiquette, poured a most agreeable shower while the discourse went on. The whole of the doors belonging to the various houses in the street were closed during the entire period he wasted his surpassing eloquence.—*Journal.*

King's County.

A desperate attempt at robbery and murder was made at Cherry Garden, near Philipstown, in the King's County, the residence of Samuel Dooley, Esq., solicitor. The circumstances are as follow: On Sunday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, Mr. Dooley, sen., was from home, and the only inmates in the house were his son, the above young gentleman, and his daughter; they were preparing for church, when five men broke open the hall-door, entered the hall, and accosted Miss Dooly, demanding food. One of these fellows was armed with a pistol and the others with bludgeons. Mr. Dooley, who was up stairs hearing the disturbance, armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and was proceeding down stairs when he was met near the top by the fellow who had the pistol. This he discharged at Mr. Dooly, and the contents took effect in the ceiling over his head. Mr. Dooley thereupon discharged at him one of the barrels of the gun, which did not appear to take effect. He instantly fired off the other, and the charge lodged in the breast of the intended assassin, who toppled over the bannisters and fell into the hall. His companions, evidently surprised and alarmed at such an expected and determined resistance, retired, bearing off their wounded and possibly dead associate with them. So soon as Mr. Dooley could with prudence venture abroad, an alarm was given, and a pursuit and search was set on foot by the police, who discovered strong traces of blood, and also, in a peasant's cottage, a bloody shirt, and a woman then found in the house admitted that the murdered man is dead and buried in the adjoining bog. Search is being made to discover it, if so, and the police are endeavoring to apprehend the rest of the party.

Mr. Shields, of Parsonstown, has most opportunely brought out a fourth edition of his interesting work, descriptive of the Earl of Rosse's celebrated telescope, with an account of the specula, and full descriptions of the machinery connected with these instruments. The book is creditably printed, is in a convenient form, and the subject amply illustrated by plates and diagrams, &c., and will, doubtless, be found an acquisition to the learned world, more especially to the members of the British Association, and those who accompanied them to the Castle, Parsonstown.

Tyrone.

A live locust, a strange visitant to this part of the world, may now be seen at this office. It was found in a field at Gortrush, in the neighborhood of this town, by a son of Mr. John Houston, ironmonger. The young lad, seeing it hopping about, and fancying it was a bird, with some difficulty caught it, and brought it to his father, who kindly presented it to us. It is clearly a locust, that destructive insect whose ravages are proverbial—one of those whose approach, from the innumerable myriads that compose their squadrons, is announced in prophetic language as a day of darkness and of gloominess, and whose desolating march is thus described: "The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness: yea, and nothing shall escape them." This locust is about two and a half inches long, strong, and very active. Has a locust been found in this country before?—*Constitution.*

Waterford.

£15,000 worth of machinery and farm implements were purchased at the Waterford Cattle Show.

Wexford.

A monument to the memory of the men connected with the county of Wexford who fell in the Crimea is about being erected at Ferrycarrig, in that county, the property of the Earl of Donoughmore.

Wicklow.

The living of the union of Bray has become vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Plunket, one of the many sons of the late Lord Plunket. The patronage of the living, valued at £380 per annum, is in the hands ultimately of the Crown and the Archbishop of Dublin.

THE MILITIA.—Warrants bearing date 2nd of September, 1857, have been issued by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, directing that the following regiments of Irish Militia be forthwith embodied, viz.: Queen's Royal Antrim Rifles, North Cork Rifles, Royal North Down Rifles, Royal South Down Regiment, Queen's Own City of Dublin Regiment, County of Limerick Regiment, County of Tipperary Artillery, and County of Roscommon Regiment.

A WORD ABOUT THE MILITIA.

The Militia is about to be once more called to arms; they are wanted now, and bland words and oily speeches are to take the place of insolence and contumely; the North Tipperary men will get bran new pantaloons. We are strongly urged to encourage the people to join the Militia; "do you think," we are asked, "the most ignorant of us are such dolts as not to see—such mean sneaks as not to *feel*—that the usage of dogs was thought good enough for us last year, while Prince Alfred's vagabond Legion was petted and pampered; they got comfortable homes; they got money and lands; they got all they asked for. Depend upon it, sir, we may be poor; we may be ragged; but if we were as poor and as ragged again, you and our countrymen will find that we have the spirit of men in us." In fact, it is asserted vehemently, by those who ought to know the truth, that the late Militia were by no means the soulless mercenaries the Government wished; indeed that their spirited conduct on several occasions caused much and deep uneasiness to the authorities. Look at what the Kerry Militia did! "Remember," says one of them, "that the Catholic regiments of the *Line* had always pocketed the insult which *we* resented—aye, *abolished*; the Kerry Militia was the regiment to smash to atoms the regulation of playing the band to Church with two or three Protestants, while the whole of the regiment, I may say, marched in silence to Mass." With all heart we respond to the appeal and say, "all honor forever to the brave Kerry Militia." But it may be asked was that regiment a fair specimen of the force? Into many of the regiments the authorities pressed the most wretched characters, and in every way lowered the moral as well as the physical standard. Doubtless in the rural districts, where the vices and crimes of cities had not found their way, this was not the case to any extent. Bad characters are not, we rejoice to say, numerous in those districts; and, doubtless, the great bulk of the recruits were poor fellows who had gone to bed supperless many a night before they took to the last resort—"the Saxon Shilling." Indeed, many of them were scandalously and illegally compelled to join by Boards of Guardians who chose to become boards of crimps. On the whole, there is much of probability with those who assert that, had any emergency arisen, the late Militia would have proved true to Ireland, their own country, and not to any foreign power. It is hard to discredit the evidence offered to us in support of this assertion. The men saw their fellow-countrymen applauded their pluck and manly spirit in shattering an insulting relic of the old "Protestant ascendancy." They saw also that when the first few of them protested against it, they were *tried by court-martial and punished*; but that when all banded bravely together as one man, and struck against the thing, *it was instantly abolished.* This taught them a wonderful lesson, which, perhaps, they will yet apply on a grander scale. If the Militia got rid of one mark of degradation, they may get rid of another, and another. "The Tenant League," urge Militiamen, "trusted to petitioning parliament, and has got kicked for its loyalty; what do you think if the Militia, having satisfactorily settled the 'Band' question, met quietly in simultaneous meetings and recorded their opinions as to the necessity of a law to protect their poor fathers, brothers, and relatives from being exterminated?" We reply that if the Government believed the Militia in earnest, and meant to back their words with spirited action, no more tenant robbery and tenant murder would be practised in Ireland. It would, perhaps, be unjust of us to doubt that the Militia would have intelligence and spirit enough to adopt such a course; but, if they did, every man of them would go down to his grave with a people's blessing on his head. Of course we admit the perfect possibility of the Irish Militia proving themselves the benefactors of their country; with arms in their hands, and enrolled, as a Militia is supposed to be, for its defence, they may not only repel, but expel a foreign foe. The Indian resurrection has awakened in this country a wondrously unanimous feeling that retribution has at last overtaken English filibusterism. The natives of a country with arms in their hands will not always be dead to the voice of Nationality. Mercenaries may continue to do the work of their hirers while the theatre of operations is a foreign country; but there is scarcely a race of men on earth so degraded as to contentedly remain mercenaries on their own soil—hired by a foreign power to keep their own country in subjection. Some time or another they are certain to strike a blow to wipe out the stain that their hearts keep suggesting to them, rests upon their names. The Indian Revolt is a great lesson; it shows what a body of armed or disciplined men—like the Bengal Native Infa
any country—Franc

Ireland may do. The first few Sepoys who objected to the greased cartridges, were, like the Kerry Militiamen, punished: a few days afterwards the Government was glad to offer to abolish the cause of complaint, but it was *too late*. Of course it is to be hoped that the Government wont be "too late" in acceding to any equally just demands of the Irish Militia; not that we believe any of our countrymen would be as violent as the Indians in paying back such a bloody account of rapine, massacre, and brutality, as, it must be confessed, appears to be honestly due on foot of the account.

God forbid that we should—debasing ourselves to the demoniacal savagery of the *Times*—and the other members of what the *Morning Star* calls the "Hell-hound Press" of London shriek out for a full and overflowing retaliation. The Irish Militia may, should any emergency arise, prove themselves to be possessed of the spirit of men and the courage of Irishmen; but if so, we are confident that they would show themselves possessed also of the magnanimity and humanity of Christians.

So far, there would seem to be every argument in favor of our recommending the people to join the Militia; but there are arguments on the other side that equally merit attention. In the first place it is argued that the Militia is merely a training school for the line; secondly, that they may be transported to England—nay, to the Mediterranean or elsewhere; lastly, that the officers being almost invariably selected from miserable Cawtholic or bigoted Orange Squireens, would effectually keep down the spirit of the men. We know that the Government rest all their hopes now on coaxing or entrapping men from the Militia into the Line, the recruitment for the latter force being an acknowledged failure. But we think that the same considerations that are now operating to keep the people out of the jaws of the recruiting trap, will operate to keep them from being enticed to "volunteer," as it is called. The simple fact is, the people know right well that not a man that goes out to India who will ever return; that those who go, go to doom—their bones will bleach upon the plains of Hindostan. Cholera and yellow fever were bad enough in the quietest days of India; but things are worse now; thousands of British soldiers alive to-day are doomed to close their eyes on the bloody battle plains of India. There are not many men to be had just now in Ireland who are tired of their lives, and wish to sell them for a few pounds. "Pat" is not such a fool after all. The most weighty arguments of those stated above is that the Government may send the Militia on foreign service. Indeed, we consider this sufficient to deter our young men from joining the force; though we feel bound to add that we have received suggestions from Militiamen and others, pointing out how the difficulty may be obviated. We do not wish to appear as utterly discrediting our Militia correspondents; but it rests with the men themselves to verify or discredit what is claimed for them. As for the idea of the "squireen" officers unduly terrifying the men, it is farcical. Surely, this is not a time to talk of such a thing. We dismiss it as not worthy of a thought.

On the whole, then, we must admit that though joining the Militia, or any other force, with the intention of defending one's native land, is a very good thing in its way—keeping clear of it, and minding one's business, is a very good thing too. To those who are in the Militia, and can't get out, we say "as you are;" to civilians who are engaged in any honest vocation whatever, by which they can get a livelihood in Ireland, we say "be industrious and attend to your trade and occupation." To both classes we say, "be always ready to do your duty to God and to Ireland.—*Nation*.

ENGLAND.

Rewards for True Courage.—A handsome silver watch with a suitable inscription engraved on it, and purchased by subscription, has been presented to George Bate, the young man whose courageous conduct in saving the life of a lady whilst bathing at Bude, Cornwall, was recorded a short time since. Thomas Hichens, the poor fisherman, who was the means of saving the Exmouth, ninety gun screw-ship, when embayed among the rocks in a cove near Kynance, in April last, has been rewarded by the Admiralty with the sum of £5, for saving an English line-of-battle ship with a crew of 700 or 800 souls.

Dr. Livingston at Manchester.—A public reception of this distinguished African traveller by the citizens of Manchester took place in the Mayor's parlor at the Town hall. The Mayor presided on the occasion. Dr. Livingston, with Mrs. Livingston and their son, also Dr. Livington's brother, arrived in Manchester. On Sunday afternoon Dr. Livingston delivered an address to the scholars of the Roby schools, in the Grosvenor street Chapel, Piccadilly.

A Dear Kiss.—At the St. Austell Petty Sessions, Joseph Vivian, of St. Austell, stonemason, was summoned by Mary Ann Hancock, of the same parish, the wife of a minor, for an assault. From the evidence of the prosecutrix, it appeared that the defendant had cast loving eyes on the prosecutrix, a good-looking woman, some twenty years his junior, and in the absence of her husband, on the 5th of August last, he took an opportunity of kissing her. Mrs. Hancock remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct, he being a leading member of the Brianites Providence Chapel; as a justification, he pleaded that what he had done was in love, and that the Scriptures would show that as such it was no sin. On the 6th the defendant's love waxed still warmer, and his importunities became so pressing, but at the same time so disagreeable, that the prosecutrix was compelled to complain to her husband, and hence the prosecution. He was sentenced to a penalty of 20s. and costs, and the woman was informed that it would have been more prudent if she had told her husband of the first assault; and to have denied Vivian the house.

A Testy Husband.—The following incident is stated to have occurred lately at Gloucester. As a working man was leaving home after breakfast, to resume his duties, his wife said, in the most plaintive and affectionate accents, "What will you have for dinner, to-day, my dear?" "A besom stick, if you like," was the peevish rejoinder, accompanied with a slam of the door. The husband returned home to dinner in a better humor. A clean cloth was laid on the table, and a few covers and dishes, neatly arranged, graced his table. "I wish, my dear," said the busy housewife, "you would strain off the water," at the same time pointing to a large saucepan. The husband obeyed, took the pot to the pump stone, and drained off the water. Curiosity prompted him so take off the lid, to see "what for dinner," when he beheld a besom stick, chopped into suitable pieces. The husband had commanded, and the dutiful wife had obeyed—it was all she had cooked.

Teetotal Demonstration.—The teetotallers of the city of Bristol and neighborhood turned out recently to the number of 8,000. They assembled in the Old Market street, and marched in procession through the principal streets to the gardens of the Bristol and Clifton Zoological Society, on Durdham Down, a distance of three miles. About every sixth row carried a banner, and the procession was enlivened by the band of the North Somersetshire Yeomanry and five other bands. A public meeting was also held; at five several balloons ascended, distributing prizes for the Band of Hope. At seven o'clock a concert took place, at which several local celebrities assisted. The day's amusements concluded at half-past nine, with a grand display of fireworks. The gardens were attended by about 14,000 visitors.

Singular Fatality at Sheffield.—The body of a young man was recently found in the canal at Sheffield, near to Blast lane, which was identified as that of George Adams, a lad fifteen years of age. The young lad is one of two brothers who left their home in a singular manner. William, the eldest son, left the house of his parents, observing that he should be seen no more alive; and up to the present time he has not been seen or heard of. On the following day the other young man, George, also left home, and nothing was heard of him until the discovery of his body in the water. The elder brother had been suffering for a length of time from nervous fever, but no reason can be given for the apparently suicidal act of the younger brother.

Extensive Issue of Forged Bank of England Notes.—Information has been received at the chief police-station, Scotland yard, of an extensive issue of spurious notes, purporting to be of the Bank of England, by a gang of forgers who have succeeded in putting off great numbers in the eastern districts of the metropolis and county of Essex. They are capital imitations of the genuine note, and are dated, both £10 and £5 notes, June 18th, 1857, No. H.P. 49,037. The forgers sign the name of "Seymour" to the notes, and represent themselves as servants to respectable persons who require change.

Soldiers' Moustaches.—The *United Service Gazette* says the Inspector-General of Infantry having observed that some of the soldiers continue to shave off their moustaches, has desired that it shall be notified that this is not optional. His Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief has ordered that every soldier is to wear the moustache, and Sir Frederick Love desires that this order shall be strictly carried out.

A Park for Southwark.—A crowded meeting was held in the Lecture hall, Fair street, Horselydown, for the purpose of taking steps for obtaining a public park for Southwark and the southeastern district of the metropolis. Resolutions to the above effect were unanimously adopted.

The Trade of Liverpool.—From the Bill of Entry it appears that the declared value of British and Irish goods exported from the port of Liverpool during the month of August, 1857, was £4,930,876, in 462 vessels; and in the same period of 1856, of £5,004,785, in 438 vessels; showing a decrease in 1857 of £73,918 in the declared value, and an increase of vessels of 24.

Ten Thousand Pounds Damages.—At the Liverpool Assizes, in Novell *v.* the Mayor of Wigan, an action brought by a contractor for compensation, in consequence of another person being selected to perform some work, a verdict was entered for the plaintiff—damages £10,000, subject to a reference.

Melton and its neighborhood can boast of three public characters which, perhaps, no other can—namely, two independent ladies who have taken out game certificates, and who enter the field and can bring down the game equal to any male sportsman, as well as those indulging in fishing, hunting over a country to hounds, &c. The other is a female blacksmith, a daughter of Mr. William Hinman, who is such an adept at shoeing a horse, or working at the anvil, as to cause universal excitement. It was but the other day that she took off the old shoes of a horse, pared the feet, and fitted the shoes at the fire, and affixed them in the most scientific manner possible, and in considerably less time than her father could, who is called one of the quickest shoers in Melton.

Another Colonelcy is vacant by the death of Lieut.-Gen. George Augustus Henderson, Colonel of the 59th Regiment, who died at his seat in Worcestershire, in his 79th year. The deceased general entered the army in 1793, and up to his retirement on half-pay, in 1817, had seen considerable active service. General Henderson received the war medal and four clasps for Egypt, Vimiera, Corunna, and Toulouse. In 1836 he was made Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and had previously received the Order (2nd class) of the Crescent. In April, 1852, he was appointed colonel of the 59th regiment.

Mr. Holloway, the engineer of the Waterloo road Brigade, whilst on duty at the ruins of the fire in Lambeth walk, discovered in the back garden a very large locust, which he succeeded in taking alive.

SCOTLAND.

Wholesale Bigamy.—In the prison of Greenlaw there is at present a woman whose maiden name was Margaret M'Lean, but who married a farm laborer named Houliston, residing near Dunse. The woman afterwards took to herself a second husband, named Philip, and she has been indited to stand her trial at the ensuing Jedburgh Circuit Court. Houliston (husband No. 1) stands charged with the same crime, in a more aggravated form, he being alleged to have not fewer than three wives, all alive, and mothers and children are said to be doing well. He also stands his trial at next Jedburgh Circuit. Philip (husband No. 2) is reported to have been married a second time, and it was on hearing of this marriage that the woman M'Lean went in search of her husband, but met an officer of police instead. The man Philip is still at large.

Two Men Shot.—A gamekeeper and shepherd at Donchaly, who were out shooting along with three sportsmen, upon the 18th ult., parted company with the gentlemen to drive the game towards a certain point agreed upon. Unhappily they made their appearance in a different place, and having been mistaken for game, were fired upon. Five barrels were discharged at them, and the shot took effect in the face and hands of the keeper and shepherd. A messenger was immediately despatched to Bonar bridge for Dr. Mackay, who repaired to Donchaly without delay, and extracted all the grains of lead. It is fortunate that the shots were at sixty yards' range. The invalids are now able to resume their work.

A Remarkable Highland Parish—The Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, of Arrochar, at the late annual festival of the Kintyre Club, said: "In the district to which I am removed we are most harmonious, and free from all sectarian jealousies and bitterness. The Free Church minister is there to me like another parish minister. When I am absent, as I am now, he visits the sick and marries for me; and as one good turn deserves another, I do the same for him when occasion requires it."

Narrow Escape of the Marchioness of Breadalbane.—As the Marchioness of Breadalbane was passing the toll at Abberfeldy, on her return from the bazaar at Pitfour, the cart of a carrier coming south came rather violently in contact with her ladyship's coach. In the crash the pole of the coach was broken; but the marchioness kept her seat till a number of persons came to the rescue.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh announces the following subjects of competition for the award of 1858–'59: The Keith prize, a gold medal and from £40 to £50 in money, will be given for the best communication on a scientific subject. Brewster, Forbes, and other distinguished natural philosophers, have been the gainers of the Keith medal on former occasions. The Macdougall Brisbrane prize, a gold medal and money, will be awarded to the best biographical notice of an eminent Scotchman, including an estimate of the influence and importance of his writings and discoveries. The Neill prize, a gold medal and money, will be given for the best paper on a subject of natural history, by a Scottish naturalist; or, failing any paper thus communicated, to the best work or treatise published within five years preceding the time of award.

GENERAL CASS AND THE INDIAN REVOLT.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Sun* supplies that journal with the following particulars, from which it will be seen that our worthy Secretary of State takes a wide, and comprehensive view of the present state of things in India:

Secretary Cass dropped some exceedingly significant hints on the position and sentiments of the United States, in the course of a friendly, informal visit, which, there is no shadow of doubt, will be the ruling thought in and out of Congress, on the Anglo-Indian question.

Something was said of the Emperor of Delhi, and the possibility of his formal recognition by the government, in a bantering way, by a gentleman well known for his British proclivities, and who is a frequent visitor to the British embassy.

"*Why should not the Emperor of Delhi be recognized*, if he sustains his power a year?" remarked Secretary Cass, with a certain emphasis of tone. "We must take all necessary measures to protect and advance our trade with India."

"But it will encourage mutiny, and destroy your commerce with England, your best customer."

"I do not so understand it. Our commerce with England is governed by its own necessities, and will take care of itself," replies the Secretary, in the blandest of tones, "and our trade with India might be worth more to us if it were altogether released from European intervention."

"But this mutiny is a horrible revolt against Christianity and civilization."

"That such a wide-spread revolt exists, is rather an evidence against the humanity and civilization of the British rule in India," replies Cass, in the same amiable tones. "Even the English accounts of the conquest of India admit it to have cost the ruin and death of hundreds of thousands of the natives, under torture, and other acts of British cruelty."

"But assuredly, Mr. Cass, the Christian population of the United States cannot sympathize with the cause of these revolted heathens," observed the crest-fallen admirer of "magnanimous England."

"The Americans know how to look facts and principles in the face," said Mr. Cass, warming up. "We know twenty millions of men capable of bearing arms, who are not permitted to own an acre of their native soil, and who are smarting under a century of oppression in their persons, property and religion, have determined to drive out or exterminate their European task-masters, and every American respects in all nations the right to select their rulers."

"That would imply, sir, that the people of India had a right to recall one of their native princes to the throne of Delhi," was the displeased reply.

"Why not?" inquired the Secretary.

"Because the policy and sympathies of the United States ought to be with England."

"That is the old Tory assertion, replied Mr. Cass, "but I do not see its force. We owe no sympathy to England for her attempts to Africanize Cuba; nor for her intrigues for the destruction of the whites in St. Domingo; nor for her attacks on our Isthmus highways to California; nor for the part she had in the plunder of American property on the river San Juan; nor her unatoned usurpation of the ports of Nicaragua and the Islands of Honduras. And I should think, sir, that you, as a member of the Native American party, would look at these things with a more American spirit."

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th August, at Rathfarnham Church, by the Rev. L. Dowdall, A. N. Hardy, Esq., Belfast, to Lizzie, second daughter of the late Richard Sharpe, of the city of Waterford.

On the 2nd ult., at the Church of the Conception, Marlborough street, Dublin, by the Rev. Thos. Butler, John Maunsell, junr., Esq., Dublin Castle, to Maria, third daughter of Capt. Crosby, Amiens street, Dublin.

September 3, at Lucan, Wm. Holland Bickford Cobham, Esq., of Dunsland, Devonshire, to Dora, daughter of General Sir Hopton Scott.

September 1, in London, Wm. Lewis O'Donnell, Esq., barrister-at-law, eldest son of Michael O'Donnell, Esq., of Rutland square, Dublin, to Harriet, relict of T. Dyson, Esq., of Mill House, near Sheffield.

September 3, at Carrick-on-Suir, Wm. D. Welch, Esq., of Belfast, to Eliza, only daughter of the late Allan Leech, Esq., of Silver Hills, county Wicklow.

DEATHS.

September 4, at Bellview, Hancock Gatchell, aged 57 years.

August 20, at Borris-in-Ossory, Thomas John White, Esq.

August 29, at Rogue-bullion, St. Helier, Jersey, Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel O'Donoghue.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Lope de Vega.—Other writers, of the same age with Lope de Vega, obtained a wider celebrity. Don Quixote, during the life of its ill-requited author, was naturalized in countries where the name of Lope de Vega was not known, and Du Bartas was translated into the language of every reading people; but no writer ever has enjoyed such a share of popularity. "Cardinal Barberini," says Lord Holland, "followed Lope with veneration in the streets. The king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain, to see this phœnix of their country, this monster of literature; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers, in general, of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew, in common conversation, to signify anything perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. Lope's death produced a universal commotion in the court and in the whole kingdom. Many ministers, knights, and prelates were present when he expired; among others, the Duke of Sesa, who had been the most munificent of his patrons, whom he appointed his executor, and who was at the expense of his funeral—a mode by which the great men in that country were fond of displaying their regard for men of letters. It was a public funeral and it was not performed until the third day after his death, that there might be time for rendering it more splendid, and securing a more honorable attendance. The grandees and nobles who were about the court were all invited as mourners; a novenary, or service of nine days, was performed for him, at which the musicians of the royal chapel assisted; after which there were obsequies on three successive days, at which three bishops officiated in full pontificals; and on each day a funeral sermon was preached by one of the most famous preachers of the age. Such honors were paid to the memory of Lope de Vega, one of the most prolific, and, during his life, the most popular of all poets, ancient or modern.

Swift's Generosity.—Standing one morning at the window of his study, the dean observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, in an insolent and surly manner. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The dean whose soul was compassionate, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but, to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. The dean could bear it no longer. He threw up the sash, and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal," cried the enraged dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed. With Swift, to know distress was to pity it; to pity, to relieve. The poor woman was instantly made happy and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct. "The bearer," says he, "lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar, after which the dean forgave him; and in conseqence of another paper, equally similar, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till his death.

Campbell's Hohenlinden.—The following is an extract from a letter written by Thomas Campbell to a relative in America, and affords us the first impressions of the battle of Hohenlinden. "Never shall time efface from my memory the recollections of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob to overlook a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several wagoners, who were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were killed in our sight. My love of novelty now gave way to personal fear; and I took a carriage, in company with an Austrian surgeon, back to Landshut. I remember," he adds, on his return to England, "how little I valued the art of painting, before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given anything to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime; and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of spring wagons and hospitals; but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten.

The Apsley House.—The following story is told in connection with the celebrated palace of the Duke of Wellington: "It is said that as George II. was riding on horseback one day in Hyde Park, he met an old soldier who fought with him in the battle of Dettingen; and with this soldier he entered into free discourse. After talking together for some time, he asked the veteran what he could do for him. 'Why, please your majesty,' said the soldier, 'my wife keeps an apple-stall on a bit of waste ground as you enter the Park, and if your majesty would please to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed and improve our trade.' The request being a very moderate one, was at once granted. In a little time the old apple-stand woman prospered greatly, for the situation was a good one for the purpose, and she carried on a very profitable trade. In the course of years the old soldier died, and the Lord Chancellor, who was looking around for a suitable piece of ground where he might build himself a mansion, fixed his mind upon this very spot. The old woman was sadly alarmed when she saw her shed being pulled down, and preparations made to occupy the ground with a stately mansion, and she went to her son, who was an attorney's clerk, to consult with him as to the course she ought to take. The son was shrewd enough to see at once the advantage that might be gained by remaining quiet until the mansion should be completed. No sooner was the house finished, than the son waited on the Lord Chancellor to complain of the trespass committed on his mother's property, and to claim a recompense for the injury she had sustained. When the Chancellor saw that the claim was undeniable, he directly offered a few hundred pounds by way of compensation; but this was promptly refused, as the old woman, advised by her son, would not settle the affair on such easy terms. A ground rent of four hundred pounds a year was agreed to; and it is said that the Apsley House pays that amount to this day, to the descendants of the old apple-woman."

A Little Romance.—A story has been going the rounds in the American society at Paris, which will make a good subject for a romance. It is stated that a young countrywoman, Rebecca L., while travelling in Switzerland became acquainted with a young Russian nobleman, the Count de G., distinguished for his elegant manners and his fine fortune. The fair daughter of the New World was captivated by the arts of her northern lover, trusted his promises, and was deceived and abandoned—the Russian taking French leave and a sudden journey homewards. But Miss Rebecca was a woman of spirit, and, moreover, possessed more tact and ingenuity than he gave her credit for. She threw away no time in mourning for her unfaithful adorer, but immediately followed him to St. Petersburg. There she managed soon to bring her sad story to the knowledge of the Czarina, whose aid she implored. The Count, who had very readily forgotten his Ariadne, one fine morning received a despatch bearing the imperial seal, and, opening it, read these words: "The Count de G——, as soon as this order is received, will repair to Warsaw, to the church —— in the chapel of ——. He will there find two witnesses, and will be married to Miss Rebecca L——." Obedience was inevitable. As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, the bridegroom precipitately "sloped" without casting one "longing, lingering look behind," and escaped to Odessa. The new Countess took her departure for Italy.

Bengal Infantry Recruits.—Three-fourths of the recruits for our Bengal native infantry are drawn from the Rajpoot peasantry of the kingdom of Oude, on the left bank of the Ganges, where their affections have been linked to the soil for a long series of generations. The good feelings of the families from which they are drawn continue, through the whole period of their service, to exercise a salutary influence over their conduct as men and as soldiers. Though they never take their families with them, they visit them on furlough every two or three years, and always return to them when the surgeon considers a change of air necessary to their recovery from sickness. Their family circles are always present to their imaginations; and the recollections of their last visit, the hopes of the next, and the assurance that their conduct as men and as soldiers in the interval will be reported to those circles by their many comrades, tend to produce a general and uniform propriety of conduct, which seems incomprehensible to those who are unacquainted with its source,—veneration for parents cherished through life, and a never-impaired love of home, land of all the dear objects by which it is constituted.—*Colonel Sleeman.*

Beautiful Swiss Custom.—It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys, and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instrument, "Praise the Lord." This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, and the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sang out, "Good Night," which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting-place. The Swedish mountaineers, since the days of the great Gustavus, have been extravagantly fond of music. The female mountaineers blow on an instrument called a *lar*, a sort of long trumpet, sometimes twelve feet in length. Its sound is strong, and at the same time sharp, yet by no means unpleasant. When supported by one and played on by another, it presents a very odd appearance, and may be heard at a great distance.

Moore's Pedigree.—When Moore's celebrity was in its first glow, he received a flattering invitation to dine with the Prince of Wales. His royal host was delighted with him, and after dinner fell into familiar chat, directing the greatest portion of his remarks exclusively to him, and exhibiting the most gracious interest in all that concerned his guest. Amongst other points, the prince, assuming that his illustrious visitor must be of high descent, questioned him respecting the particular family to which he belonged, naming in turn several ancient houses in Ireland, begging to know if he were not allied to one of them. To each of these inquiries the poet at first simply replied in the negative. The prince, whose strong prepossession that "gentle blood" flowed in his accomplished visitor's veins made him in effect less polite than he was wont to be, reiterated his question, turning from one point to another, in the hope of hitting his mark; thus exciting, unintentionally, the curiosity of all present, and directing them to the questioned party. All at once it occurred to his royal highness that his guest *must*, as he told him, be the son of a certain Mr. Moore—a man of large fortune and distinguished birth—of ——. Thus pressed, the poet put an end to his royal host's persevering inquiry, and with admirable and magnanimous simplicity replied to the last suggestion, "No, sir, I have not the honor of being descended from any of the distinguished families you have named. I am, sir, the son of one of the honestest *tradesmen* in all Dublin."

Irish Antiquities.—At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, Mr. George V. Du Noyer, M.R.I.E., read his paper on "The remains of early stone-built fortresses and habitations in the county of Kerry," in which he called attention to a class of Celtic antiquities hitherto but slightly noticed by archæologists, and in this instance to a Celtic city discovered by him in the summer of 1856. These buildings, which occupy an extent of three miles along the southern slope of Mount Eagle, consist of circular bechive shaped houses, often surrounded by a massive circular wall as if intended for warlike purposes, or of one, two, or three separate apartments more or less circular in plan, and evidently intended for residences merely. Some are yet quite perfect, but generally the roads have fallen in. One of the largest and most important of the former kind of building is called Caher-namarteeragh, another called Caheraduzza, which is a triple-chambered building, offer a subject of the highest interest to the antiquary or inquirer into the architecture of the pre-historic inhabitants of Ireland. In conclusion the author dwelt on the social condition and habits of the people who erected such massive buildings, which from their remote and sequestered position have to us been preserved through the lapse of ages.

Fatal Gun Accident.—The *Dublin Evening Mail* records the death of Mr. R. W. Smith while grouse shooting, near Newport, Mayo. Mr. Edwards, cousin of the deceased, gives the following account of the occurrence: "About three o'clock in the afternoon one of our dogs came to a point on the top of a small bank. We went up and stood over the dog, expecting the birds to rise, when my poor cousin exclaimed, 'I see the bird. It is a dead one, and must be one of those we fired at above.' In saying so he ran down the bank to get it, and as I was about to follow, my foot caught in the heather, and I fell down the declivity. In the fall the left barrel of my gun went off, and, awful to relate, lodged the whole of its contents in the back of my unfortunate cousin. He exclaimed, 'O God, I am shot,' and as soon as I got up I saw him lying on his back, about ten yards from me. I ran up and asked him was he much hurt? At first he said he was not, as he felt no pain; but when I saw the nature of the wound I knew there was no hope, and told him so. He passed away, in less than twenty minutes after he was struck."

Value of the Dog.—Although nothing can be said in favor of the dog while in a state of nature, still, after he has received an education from man, the whole world will bear testimony to his immense value. Volumes would not suffice to contain instances of his services to the human race. A man and his dog may almost be considered as component parts, each working for the other, whether in heat or in cold, in tempests or in calms. The blind confide in him, the lame have his support, the rich are proud of him, and too often the poor man has nothing but his dog to give him consolation.—*Waterton's Essays.*

The *Morning Post* contains a description of the new statue of the Madonna at Rome, in the Piazza di Spagna. It states that it is a colossal figure in bronze, whose diameter exceeds that of the column which supports it, to say nothing of the crescent and globe, surrounded by the emblems of the Evangelists, also in bronze. The gigantic proportions of the Madonna are the more striking from the small size of the four marble statues of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, which decorate the base of the monument. The crown worn by the Virgin is gilt; the figure, globe, and emblems are bronze. The entablature of yellow marble, *gialloantico*, with white mouldings; the capital is of white marble, of the Corinthian order and florid; the shaft of the column is of ancient *cipollino* marble, green striped with white, and decorated with bronze castings, which encircle the lower part. The base of the column is of white marble, as also the four figures surrounding the pedestal. A grievous defect is that it apparently leans towards the west, so as to be out of the perpendicular. The scaffolding, which had been partly removed, was re-erected; it was supposed to remedy this defect, but it has now been entirely taken away.

An American, named Eli Boggs, was tried at Hong Kong recently for piracy and murder. His name would do for a villain of the Blackbeard class, but in form and feature he was the hero of a sentimental novel; as he stood in the dock bravely battling for his life, it seemed impossible that that handsome boy could be the pirate whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy. It was a face of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip, large lustrous eyes, a mouth, the smile of which might woo a coy maiden, affluent black hair not carelessly parted, hands so small and so delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia—such was the Hong Kong pirate, Eli Boggs. He spoke for two hours in his defence, and he spoke well—without a tremor, without an appeal for mercy, but trying to prove that his prosecution was the result of a conspiracy wherein a Chinese bumboat proprietor and sub-official of the colony (both of whom he charged as being in league with all the pirates on the coast) were the chief conspirators. The defence was, of course, false. It had been proved that he had boarded a junk and destroyed by cannon, pistol, and sword, fifteen men; and that having forced all the rest overboard he had fired at one of the victims, who had clutched a rope and held on astern. No witness, however, could prove that he saw a man die from a blow or a shot struck or fired by the pirate. The jury, moved by his youth and courage, and straining hard their consciences, acquitted him of the murder, but found him guilty of piracy. He was sentenced to be transported for life.

We find the following anecdote in the *Gazette Musicale:* "The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons one day observed a poor woman with her four children begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kindhearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the place Bellcour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favorite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd around him; the idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the bystanders, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house proved (says the French journalist) that a good action is never thrown away."

M. de Rocca, in his memoirs of the invasion of Spain by Bonaparte, states that, when the French troops entered Toboso, so celebrated as the residence of Don Quixote's Dulcinea, they spared the inhabitants from the usual horrors of war from regard to the heroine of Cervantes. As soon as the French soldiers saw a woman at the windows, they cried out laughingly, "There is Dulcinea!" Their gaiety tranquilized the inhabitants; and witticisms upon Dulcinea and Don Quixote became a bond of union between our soldiers and the inhabitants, and the French, being well received, treated their hosts with civility.

The errors into which Mrs. Gaskell, in her life of Charlotte Bronte, has fallen, are almost unparalleled in biographical literature. It will be remembered that, a short time since, she was compelled to make a public retraction of certain statements in regard to Bramwell Bronte; now, it seems, she has been guilty of great injustice in her reflections on the father of the celebrated authoress. Mr. Bronte is reported to have said, "Everything in that book (the biography of his daughter) which relates to my conduct to my family, is either false or distorted."

Mr. Cooper, in the preface to his new edition of the *Spy*, tells us that when the second volume of that work was slowly printing, from manuscript that was barely dry when it went into the compositor's hands, the publisher intimated that the work might grow to a length that would consume the profits. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was actually written, printed, and paged, several weeks before the chapters which preceded it were even thought of. Few authors could have acted as he has done.

When Æschylus, the great poet, was condemned to death, his brother, an orator and a hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what he said, he silently lifted up his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the service of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into shouts of applause, and the poet was saved. The dumb eloquence of that limb spoke more powerfully than "words that burn."

It is the belief of millions in India, says the Bombay *Courier*, that the Koh-i-noor diamond which the British stole from the Treasury of Rungeet Singh, will always be fatal to its possessor, and from the day it found a resting place in the diadem of Victoria, the fate of the English crown was sealed.

Owing to the events in India, the Company have given notice that there will be vacancies for fifteen Assistant-Surgeons at the examination of January next.

Addison, before he commenced the *Spectator*, had amassed three folios of materials.

HOME MISCELLANY.

KIT KARSON.—Kit Karson, the renowned backwoodsman, a Sante Fe correspondent tells us, is a mild, pleasant man in the expression of his face, and one would never suspect him of having led the life of daring and adventure which distinguish him. He is refined in his manner, and very polite in his intercourse: his conversation is marked by great earnestness, and his language is appropriate and well chosen, though not pronounced with correctness. He has a strong mind, and everything he says is pointed and practical, except when indulging in a vein of humor, which is not unfrequent. No one can converse with him an hour without being favorably impressed; he has a jovial, honest, open countenance, and a kindness of heart almost feminine. He is universally beloved, and a favorite with all classes, Indians included. He never alludes to his career as an adventurer unless questioned relative to it. Although he is free and easy in his conversation, everything he says in regard to himself partakes of a degree of modesty almost incredible in one whose life has been an unbroken succession of hardships and dangers. The statements in a small periodical floating about Washington called "Kit Carson, the Gold Hunter," he says is false. He is represented in this pamphlet as a colossal figure, when he is not over five feet eight inches in height. He is heavy-framed, and weighs about 170 pounds. He is forty-eight years old, but does not look more than thirty-five. He went to the Far West in 1827, having run off from his employer, near Booneville, Missouri, to whom he was apprenticed to learn the sadler's trade. The facts of his life are now in the possession of Washington Irving, and will, doubtless, be thrown into the form of a book during the coming winter.

A NOVEL CRAFT ON THE CANAL.—The Lockport *Courier* notices a novel craft which arrived at that place on Saturday and tied up at the dock. It was a scow-built boat about fifteen feet long and three feet wide; but the novelty consisted in the peculiar motive power—it being *towed by dogs*. The boat was accompanied by but one man—a cripple from infancy—having no use of his limbs below his knees. He manages to hobble about slowly by walking upon his knees, upon which he wore something similar to shoes. He is from Chicago, and says he is going to New York for medical treatment. The *Courier* says his dogs, of which he has six, large and powerful animals, are trained to perfection, and understand and obey his word of command as well as a human being could. They tow his boat along at the rate of four miles per hour—he from the boat giving directions. When they meet a boat they lie down close and let the tow line pass over them and thus take the inside. He has a wagon on board for overland journeys. His boat is an open one, and by a canvass covering supported on posts is converted into a saloon which he and his dogs, together with a tame racoon, use for a parlor, dining-room, and bed-room, all together on terms of equality and good will. He carries four loaded pistols to protect his dogs from attack. After procuring a stock of provisions for himself and companions, he anchored his boat a little way from shore, and attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of passers by, who crowded around to solve the mystery.

BLOODY TIMES IN SAN DOMINGO.—A letter from Curacoa, of August 26th, furnishes the following: "Our advices from San Domingo give us fearful accounts of the insurrection in that island. Your readers are aware that the island is divided into two factions—the blacks and the colored—Souloque being Emperor of the former, and General Baez, President of the latter. Souloque is beloved by his people, while Baez, from a system of peculation (no new thing in the annals of that republic), rendered himself highly obnoxious to his subjects; and two parties being formed, are now at war, one fighting for the return of General Santana (now an exile in St. Thomas) and the other for Baez. The army of Santana being very numerous and pressing hard on Baez, has compelled him to call to his aid the blacks under Souloque, preferring to give up his pretensions rather than submit to his too powerful rival. There has already been a great deal of bloodshed, and every likelihood of its continuance for some time."

EXPLORATION OF THE RIVER COLORADO.—The expedition soon to be organized at San Francisco by Lieutenant J. C. Ives, under the authority of the Secretary of War, equals in importance that undertaken by Lewis and Clark, many years ago to the Missouri. The Colorado rises near the headwaters of the Missouri, Columbia, Arkansas, and Del Norte rivers, and flowing through Utah and New Mexico, empties into the Gulf of California. According to the vague and unauthentic accounts which we have of it at present, its tributaries are navigable for hundreds of miles, and along their shores are scattered the ruins of large and polished cities. The region watered by it is not inferior in fertility to the finest lands on the Mississippi. A faithful account of it will not contain less interesting disclosures than those made by the Boundary Commission in regard to the Gila, which enters the Gulf of California by the same estuary as the Colorado.

RETURNING TO IRELAND.—A correspondent of the *Boston Post*, noticing the contemplated closing of the factories at Lowell, Mass., says that during the last month more than seven hundred of the Irish population have purchased return tickets to Liverpool, attracted by the improved and improving state of agricultural interests in the Emerald Isle.

RATS AND RAT CATCHERS.—There are in the city of New York millions of rats, and so rapid is the increase that they are becoming exceedingly troublesome. The female rat has usually her first litter of young rats when she is six months old, and she has on an average ten at each litter, and eleven litters during the year. As each of her young begin to procreate when it is six months old, five of her litters have been breeding for a longer or shorter period before the year is out, and it is thus calculated that on an average the progeny of a single pair of rats equals 370 a year. Rats may be very useful as scavengers in certain localities, but they also destroy a vast amount of property. There are only two public rat pits in this city—though there are a number of private ones. At the principal of the public pits, which is kept by Harry Jennings, there are on an average five hundred rats killed every week, or, altogether, 26,000 a year. Those who keep rats pay sixpence each for all the rats that are brought to them. The rats are caught by professional rat catchers, or by stable boys, butcher boys, and others. There are only four professional rat catchers in the city: one of these catches, on an average, forty rats every night. To do this they use certain oils which attract the vermin. Sometimes they use ferrets, but ferrets do not thrive in this country. One gentleman, who brought thirty to this country within a twelvemonth, has now only one alive, all the rest having died of convulsions, induced by climate or some local cause. Most of the rats are of the large, brown Norway species, though occasionally a vessel arrives here with a host of the black kind on board.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—On the 27th or 29th ult., as two young men of the Sisseton Sioux were duck-hunting at Lake Traverse, they were surprised by a war party of one hundred Chippewas, fired upon, and one was killed and the other slightly wounded. The wounded man immediately divested himself of blanket, gun, &c., and ran his quickest step to the village, some four miles distant. A party of Sioux started in pursuit, and when they reached the bloody ground, they found only the blanket, and of the person of the murdered man, only the upper part of his face, nose, mouth, and chin. His friends surmise that they cut up the body and took it home, either to feed their hungry dogs or to excite the cruelty of their women and children. This is the first real fight between the Sioux and Chippewas this season; it certainly will excite retaliation.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S WATCH.—A watch, formerly belonging to Benedict Arnold, is now in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. The *Courant* says it is an old "bull's eye" which accompanied Arnold through his military campaign. The watch was presented by Arnold to Jeremiah Atwater, who in the Revolutionary war was killed at Danbury, Conn. The watch then became the property of his wife Eunice. She afterwards married John Goodrich, of New Haven, and was the mother of Andrew T. Goodrich, who for many years was a bookseller and publisher in New York city. This watch came into the possession of A. T. Goodrich from his parents, and was left by him at his death with his son-in-law, the Rev. L. Smith Hobart, of Michigan, by whom it is presented to the above Historical Society.

ARAB STEED.—At an agricultural fair in Lexington, Kentucky, Mr. A. Keene Richards, of Georgetown, Kentucky, exhibited his splendid Arabian horses Mokladi, Massoud, and Sackiowre, and two Arabian mares. All the best racers in Europe and America are said to be derived originally from Arabian stock, and hence, to improve the American breed of horses, it is deemed best to go to the Arabian stock itself, instead of importing English descendants thereof. These Kentucky Arabians were bred by the Bedouins. One of them, Massoud, a rich chestnut, fifteen hands high, has great action and power, and is said to be, altogether, one of the finest horses ever seen in this country.

FEARFUL LEAP FROM A RAILWAY TRAIN.—On Friday week last a corporal attached to one of the recruiting stations in Albany, N. Y., started for New York with six recruits. When just below Poughkeepsie one of them suddenly started to the door, and, though the train was under great headway, he leaped from the cars! The corporal noticed his movement for the door, and as the man jumped he leaped after, and succeeded in securing his man. Strange to say, neither are very badly injured; and, the train being stopped, both got upon the train and proceeded to their destination.

OUR VETERAN GENERALS.—It is worthy of notice (says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*) that three distinguished generals of the United States—Scott, Jesup, and Henderson, who may be said to be at the head of the different military department of our Government—are all old men, yet they still enjoy excellent health. From this fact it will be seen that a military life is by no means incompatible with length of days. It may be that their early and frequent exposures in the service tended to impart vigor and strength to their constitutions.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.—The Red Wing band of Sioux are now on their last visit to Red Wing, the old home of their tribe for many years, hallowed to them by the graves of their "braves," who sunk to rest in that peaceful vale before the heavy tread of the white man awoke the echoes from the surrounding hills, and substituted the sound of the woodman's axe, the hoarse cough of the steam engine, and the clang of the mason's hammer, for the whispering zephyrs, the cooing of birds, and the soft tread of the swift-footed deer.

A CONNOISSEUR IN ART.—The Boston *Herald* is responsible for the following: "A downeaster strayed into the square in front of the City Hall, lately, and planted his brogans firmly in front of the bronze statue of Franklin, looking upward to the benignant face of the old philosopher with great apparent interest. 'What ole feller's likeness is that?' asked he of a by-stander. 'That, sir, is a statue of Benjamin Franklin.' 'Statew of Franklin, eh? Wall, I've read all about him. Putty good old feller, in his way. Never fit much in the revelushun, but was great on soft-sodderin the French."

A BLACK-COATED SOLDIER.—His wife was murdered during the sack of a village by the British, when Knydhausen was marauding the Jerseys. At the flight of Springfield Caldwell dealt retribution upon his foes. None showed more ardor in the fight than Caldwell the chaplain. The image of his murdered wife was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian Church and bought thence a quantity of Watt's psalm and hymn books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. "Now," cried he, "put Watts into them, boys."—*Irving's Washington.*

IN A MARRYING MOOD.—The Petersburg *Express* notices a letter from Norfolk, in which allusion is made to a colored female servant, named Hessy Kellam, who had grown very melancholy on account of the refusal of her master to permit her to marry. The cause assigned for this refusal was that she had already led to the altar eleven husbands, all of whom she had seen to the grave! The unprecedented propensity for the matrimonial state would seem almost incredible. But the case is unquestionably a true one, and deserves perpetuation amid the archives of Hymen.

TO BE HUNG.—Wm. McAllister, the first settler and original owner of the land on which Albion, Orleans County, N. Y., stands, has been sentenced to be hung on the 23d of October, for firing the house of the county superintendent. McAllister is 78 years of age. He received his sentence with the most perfect indifference.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* relates an incident arising out of the suspension of the Life and Trust Company in that city. A Kentuckian and his family who had been West and failed in their undertakings, turned back to their old home. They performed the journey on foot—father, mother and three little children, the latter barefooted. They reached Cincinnati, and by chance stopped to rest near the doors of the suspended institution. The crowd that gathers daily at that point to watch the opening and closing of the concern were soon attracted to the group resting on the sidewalk. They were questioned, and told their tale of suffering and want. The idea was suggested that "aid and comfort" should be given—that the Kentucky institution was more in need than the Trust Company institution—that the latter might grind through, but the former was ground down—so an "aid fund" was started. The corner was voted a toll-gate, and all who passed should hand over. A half dollar was established as regular fare, and no one was called upon who did not respond according to the rules. The result was, that the poor family, about three hours after that institution started as a rival of the Trust, boarded the boat for Maysville some $25 better than they would have been had they not located on that corner, and the Trust Company had not "let down."

On looking over long lists of new publications we are often led to think of the fate of these poor books. When in some old libraries we have seen works on which there had been gathered a time-honored dust, which it seemed a kind of sacrilege to remove, we have reflected on the chagrin their authors would have experienced, could they have imagined that the book over which they had labored so long and zealously would thus he consigned to oblivion, and sleep undisturbed on the shelves of a library. Our modern authors cannot have even this consolation. The flimsy paper on which their lucubrations are printed will never be lasting enough to resist two hundred years of dust; and it is not improbable that of the great majority of books now being printed, a hundred years hence not a vestige will remain. Standard works will, of course, form an exception, the names of Balmes, Cortes, Wiseman, Kenrick, and others, will never be forgotten; but of the majority of those who write for immortality, even time will keep no record. Yet it is a consoling thought for them that they can do good to their own age—to their own country. And what more soothing and grateful idea can one desire to have at the close of his mortal career than that he has done what he could for the interests of his fellow-men?—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

One great lesson taught by the loss of the Central America is that the public should distrust every steamship not built in water-tight compartments. Had that unfortunate vessel been so constructed she might now be floating in safety at her dock in the North River. Our advice to every one about to embark in an ocean steamer is, don't risk your life in a ship which is not partitioned by staunch water-tight bulkheads into three or more separate compartments, so that she may swim even if a part of her is full of water. Avoid every steamer which has not this safeguard, and pretty soon there will not be one without it.

The Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Michigan Southern Railroad report that the floating debt of the Company is $1,800,000. They say that the expenses of that concern can be largely reduced, and that, with good management, the road will pay dividends.

Alligator's nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemberg, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.—*Lyell, the Geologist.*

On the arrival of the train from Indianapolis at Lafayette, Ind., recently, a gentleman and lady, inspired with mutual recognition, rushed into each other's embrace, enjoyed a kiss and a squeeze, drew back for another look, were struck with a sudden horror—and gradually came to a "realizing sense" of the fact that they were utter strangers to each other, whereas they had supposed themselves cousins. The resemblance on both hands is declared to be most singular, by parties who know the cousins of both.

The churches of Cincinnati, Ohio, number fourteen Presbyterian, twenty one Methodist, fourteen Roman Catholic, (each with a school connected,) six Baptist, three Congregational, five "Christian," six German Evangelical Union, six German Reformed and Lutheran, five Episcopalian, two Hebrew Synagogues, two Friends' Congregations, two Universalist, one United Brethren, one Swedenborgian, one Unitarian, two "Miscellaneous." Service is also held in several public halls.

Matrimony is a convenient institution sometimes. A man and his wife were brought up, before an Albany justice recently, charged with being drunk. The proof was positive, and the penalty being ten dollars in each case, the parties were sentenced to pay twenty dollars or go to jail. They could raise but ten, when the justice, who is a religious man acquainted with scripture, decided that "man and wife were one," and therefore the fine should be only ten dollars.

At Niagara Falls, Sept. 11th, a man named W. T. Allen, arrived at the Clifton House, called for a room and a bottle of champagne, and, after imbibing the wine, went to Table Rock, walked into the water near the edge of the precipice, threw his hat over, and immediately made a similar disposition of himself. He had previously stated that he intended to accomplish the unheard-of feat of going over the Falls in safety.

Mrs. Olive Clyde, of Bristol, Vt., lately committed suicide by starving herself to death! Her husband had deserted her, and, unable to support herself, she received aid from the town. Her situation so weighed on her mind that she settled into a deep melancholy, and refusing all food, and after thirty-three days of fasting, died in terrible agony. Everything was done to cause her to break her determination that prudence could dictate, but in vain.

In travelling in a railroad car, which is the safest seat in the train? Many an anxious mother has pondered the point. The *American Enquirer*, as the result of scientific calculations and protracted experience, says that the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one. There are some chances of danger which are the same everywhere in the train, but others are least at the above named place.

Company B of a neighboring town recently elected a Corporal. The election was very close, the victorious candidate only receiving three of a majority. Being called upon for some remarks, he stepped promptly forward and delivered the following pointed speech: "My brave men; them who voted for me, I *respect*—them who didn't I *disgust*."

The New Orleans *Delta* of September 2d publishes a card from Colonel S. A. Lockridge, stating that he has no farther connection with the Nicaraguan cause in any way whatever. The reason assigned for his withdrawal is that his private affairs demand his whole attention.

A pedlar named Strause was robbed lately of $800 worth of jewelry, while on board a packet at St. Paul. A dog soon after picked up a bundle under a barn near by, and carried it to his mistress, and it proved to be the missing jewelry.

The *Plymouth Rock* states that Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, will certainly be tried again for the murder of her husband, additional evidence against her having been placed in the hands of the Attorney-General.

The Montreal *Transcript* says that in the event of the whole of the regular troops being withdrawn from Canada, which is not improbable, one or more Provincial regiments will be equipped immediately.

A man being asked by his neighbor how his wife did, made this answer: "Indeed, neighbor, this case is pitiful: my wife fears that she will die, and I fear that she will not—which makes a disconsolate house."

A Convention of colored people was held at Coxsackie lately. A large number attended.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, '57.

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISHONESTY OF EMPLOYEES?

DISHONESTY seems to be one of the most prominent vices of the day, but while it is evinced quite as much or more in masters than in servants, public opinion appears to lay peculiar stress upon the backslidings of the latter. This is irrational. For every dollar stolen by the employee, ten are unlawfully earned by the employer—by adulterating liquors and articles of food, by selling goods at exorbitant prices, or by blowing financial bubbles which attract the patronage of the unsuspecting and burst when they have done so. In these and a thousand other ways employers continue to keep far in advance of the class dependent on them for service, and he is an unfair commentator on modern morals who merely looks in the scullery or behind the clerk's counter for offences against the Seventh Commandment.

Employers, in fact, are, to a great extent, responsible for the defalcations and petty larcenies so prevalent. How can they expect that clerks whom they first teach to cheat the public will entertain any conscientious scruples against cheating their masters? How can they expect a clerk to steal from a customer in the course of business and respect the integrity of the till? It is manifestly foolish to think that honesty is superinduced by an acquaintance with, and the practice of, the tricks of roguery in the different walks of trade, and the vast majority of employers have no right to complain if they find the principles which they apply to others applied to themselves.

Another cause of this widespread dishonesty is traceable to the extravagance of masters. One cannot easily overrate the effects of example in the store or the counting house, any more than in the home or the school-room. Man is an "imitative animal." When the employer flags in his attention to business, you may rest assured that his employees will catch the infection, so, if the master be extravagant, you will find that those indebted to him for employment will be extravagant also, to the extent of their means, and in the majority of cases beyond it. Of course there are exceptions; but exceptions, which if they prove anything, prove that many, very many, of those young men who fall away from honesty might have made creditable citizens if they had been inducted into the concerns of life by men who took a lively interest in the formation of their character and took special pains to see that it was not blasted in their employ. We think it just and proper that a man whose property is daily entrusted to one or more individuals should know their associations; and it is always time to suspect that they are bad when the "help" blow into fops.

The last consideration which we have space to offer is, that the employers of America have drawn the sluices of the stream of dishonesty which threatens to overrun the country. They have catered to Flash and turned their backs on plain clad Decency. To most of them the brogue and the dress of the foreigner were particularly offensive; while no amount of testimonials to character placed in the scale of their illiberal judgment, could outweigh the objections of a foolish public, and their own prejudices, in another. By this means thousands of the most deserving young men have been kept from the first rung of the ladder of advancement, and pushed back into situations which secure them a three dollar salary, and ultimately kill them by a constant, hopeless, harrowing drudgery.

We know that owing to the thoughtfulness and gratitude of a large class in every department of trade, an immense number of our own countrymen have been advanced to the highest places of preferment; but the number is small, indeed, compared with those who deserve them. The Irish immigration has thrown a large mass of eligible and needy young men, from the Lakes to Florida. We would not vouch for the honesty of all; but we would stake our credit that of every thousand newly-landed Irish young men, nine hundred and ninety-nine would resist the temptations to peculation. Let our business men think of this. The comparative want of knowledge in the manners of the country which characterizes the foreigner, is amply made up by his avoidance, for years at least, of the vices attached to them.

THE STATE ELECTION.

THE three parties, the Democrats, Black Republicans and Know-Nothings, have decided on their respective Candidates in the ensuing State Election. No one can object to many of them, so far as we know, that their allegiance to the party which has nominated them was doggedly persistent. We find in looking over the newspapers that they are wholly free from the sin of consistency, and perfect adepts in changing their opinions.

As this paper is in no respect an organ of any party or even a volunteer, we cannot take part with any of the three parties about to struggle for supremacy in the State of New York. It is enough for us that we announce the impending combat, name the combattants, and refer without any political bias to their liberal or illiberal antecedents. Any other course, so far as we can see, would be injudicious and impertinent. If the TABLET declared that as between the Democrats and the Republicans, Irishmen ought to vote for the former, there would only be three or four so-called Catholic papers in the whole United States to show American bigotry that the Catholic Church is totally indifferent to the rival claims of political sects. We believe this to be the best policy. There are surely editors enough on the remaining sheets to satisfy the Democrats that they alone can save the Union, while a dignified indifference will go far to show the Republicans that this rancor against the Irish is at least undeserved by the most numerously circulated portions of the Irish, and so-called Catholic press. Any favoritism to Know-Nothingism in our readers is out of the question. None of them is so foolish as to assist an unprincipled gang to destroy his political, and lower his social, existence, while each is generally capable, with the distant assistance of certain partizan newspapers, calling themselves Catholic, to display nearly as much discretion as his self-imposed guides.

One name in the Republican list of Nominees is especially distasteful to us. It is that of Mr. Clapp, editor of the Buffalo *Express*, who is nominated for the high office of Secretary of State and is as rank a bigot as ever drove a pen. Happily for the city of Buffalo his ignorance was always equal to his mendacity; and he has failed to excite its citizens to a riot. His paper at present is the most rabid Know-Nothing sheet which enters this office. And yet, we are glad to know he has been nominated. Like the Stag in the Greek epigram, who came down to the valley to thaw its frozen joints with the waters of the streams, but being arrested by the frost, got bound till the hunters caught him in the snow—so the untimely desire of bettering himself has drawn Mr. Clapp into an arena where his previous sins will hold him to the rack of an ample retribution.

. . . . . "In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis and anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark thro' liquid mountain's cuts
Bounding betwixt the two moist elements
Like Perseus' horse; where's, *then*, the saucy boat
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness?"—*Troilus and Cressida.*

So far, and so much of Mr. Clapp and the coming election.

A NEW IRISH ORGAN.

WE felicitate the Irish in New York. A new era has dawned for the expression of Irish opinion in the Empire City; a new organ has raised its voice and spoken in their name. It is an important daily, widely read, remarkable for gentility slightly tinged with snobbism, and well to do in the world, notwithstanding the late convulsions in stocks, and the grievous consequences of speculation. It may be considered a most impartial organ, as it speaks both *for* and *against* the New York Irish, whose mouthpiece it constituted itself on the eventful morning of Monday last. Let the date be embalmed in the memories of Irishmen. That was, indeed, "a great day for Ireland!" The new Irish organ, it is true, has strange ideas of Irish Geography and confounds Dublin with Dundalk, but what of that! If it were not to speak of things it knows nothing about, meagre, indeed, would be the subjects for its diurnal dissertations. Besides, it seems to know as much of Ireland as many whom England has sent to misgovern the Island, for instance the famous Lord Lieutenant who asked if Kilkenny was a seaport town!

The journal in question which sympathizes with England—sympathy with England is "genteel," and the lately-discovered Irish organ is nothing if not "genteel"—gets into a state of well-bred horror over an article published by an Irish paper in Ireland, showing how the Irish there view the Sepoy insurrection. But though it may be "genteel," in the English acceptation of the term, to pick out sentences from an article, to run them together, and, by leaving out the connecting links, distort their meaning, it does not seem to us extremely *comme il faut*. This is what the *Times*—for such is the name of the new organ—has done in the present case, and our readers need only refer to the N. Y. TABLET of last Saturday in which the article was published entire, and from which the *Times* probably did us the honor of taking small pieces of it, to see the proof of the fact. All "ungentlemanly" allusions to British cruelty, persecution, tyranny, and rapine, in Ireland, are carefully left out by the *Times*, which falsifies the conclusions of the writer whose article it has hewed up to suit its purpose. We know that the *Times* is very much affected with Anglomania, and it is no doubt in obedience to its ruling instincts that it imitates on a small scale the manner in which England has ever falsified history.

The Irish people are proverbial for their kindliness to the unfortunate, and their keen sympathy with suffering, and they cannot help feeling a thrill of horror when they read of atrocities—be the accounts real or forged—inflicted on that very enemy who tortured, flogged and pitchcapped their fathers, but the way in which England has misrepresented themselves makes them doubtful of English accounts of others. If the Sepoy be what the English newspapers represent him, the Irish cannot forget that the "twig was bent" by England, nor, when they recall the suffering of their ancestors, can they help seeing the retributive finger of Heaven in the reverses which England has lately met with.

On Sunday last, the 27th of September, his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes laid the corner stone of a new Catholic Church at Sing Sing, in this State.

KANSAS AND GOVERNOR WALKER.

GOVERNOR WALKER has issued a proclamation to the people of Kansas, *calling on every man to vote at the October elections who is a citizen of the United States, and has been a resident of the Territory for six months.* He also shows conclusively that Judge Cato's opinion is erroneous, and that *no prepayment of taxes is necessary as a voting qualification*, backing his opinion by a letter from the Secretary of State, stating that the President and the Cabinet entirely concur with his views on the subject. As a precaution against illegal interference with the rights of suffrage, he also adds that, from authentic information communicated to him from many quarters of the Territory, and from many citizens of both parties, that the presence of the troops is essential to preserve the peace, to prevent the forcible seizure of the polls, and to prevent insurrection. He feels constrained, though most reluctantly, by a solemn sense of duty, and by a most serious apprehension of the consequences which would otherwise follow, to place the troops at proper points, not for war, but for peace, in accordance with the purpose before stated.

In the presence of this proclamation we cannot account for the continual cry about "Kansas," unless we resort to the hypothesis that it is started by dishonest men and kept up for dishonest purposes.

THE CRISIS.

FROM every quarter comes in the announcement of failures among business men. Men reputed solvent yesterday are pronounced worthless to-day, and have their "paper" thrust upon them as useless wherever it is presented. Wherefore is this? What is the cause of these failures! exclaims the uninitiated—the novice in trade. We answer there are many. Speculation, headlong and desperate, which rushed along with fearful velocity, which scorned to be controlled, and madly refused to listen to reason, is the first and greatest. The second is near akin to the first and scarcely less reprehensible. In New York, as well as in every other city of the Union, palatial buildings have been erected for years past, which threatened to rival in beauty of style and elegance of architecture, the gilded structures where Venetian or Florentine Merchant princes accumulated gold, and dispensed hospitality. Did a wealthy New York merchant, or one reputed wealthy, erect one of those monuments of his greatness, his neighbor in an adjoining street set his wits to work. He reasoned, he speculated, and, as the truth must out, in many instances—he cheated, and as a result, straightway rose an edifice, still more elegant and evincing yet more magnificent designs of architecture and of skill than displayed in that of his rival.

And so things have been progressing here for years past. The decent but unpresuming mansion, in which the founder of the family was content to reside, is abandoned or unrelentingly dragged down to make way for one better and more expensive. In this way an immense amount of capital is absorbed, which is never destined to find its way back into the pockets of the builders of those costly but foolish residences, and the consequence is, that, should the pressure continue, three-fourths of those houses will be compelled to change owners, and be sold at prices far below their original cost.

There are other causes, too, but to them we shall not advert at present. We shrink from lifting the veil which covers the domestic affairs of any class, or prying into their domestic concerns, but we are compelled to say that waste, wilful as it was criminal and useless, has been perpetrated in that quarter. If the present stringency but teach business men to steer henceforward, with better judgment, and compel their wives and daughters to lay aside expensive habits, the impending crisis may in part be adverted, and that which at first threatened destruction and despair, be turned into an instrument of good.

BRITISH CIVILIZATION IN INDIA.

The following is a catalogue of the different modes of torture adopted by the English in India for the purpose of extorting taxes from the unfortunate natives:

"*Squeezing the thighs, and of women the breasts, with an instrument like a lemon squeezer, called the Kittee; placing men, under the noon-day sun, with their bodies bent nearly double, the head being tied down with heavy stones placed on their necks or on their backs; squeezing the tips of their fingers; twisting the ears; tying up by the legs with the head hanging downwards; twisting a rope tightly round the entire arm or leg so as to impede circulation; lifting up by the moustache; suspending by the arms while tied behind the back; searing with hot irons; placing scratching insects, such as the carpenter beetle, on the navel, and other sensitive parts; dipping in wells and rivers till the party is half suffocated; beating with sticks; preception of sleep; nipping the flesh with pinchers; putting pepper or red chillies in the eyes.*"

In addition to the above we would remark that there are two or three other methods which are too horrible to appear in the columns of any Journal. It were well if the above extract were published by the editors of certain newspapers in the United States who evince an unenviable alacrity in publishing the details of what they term "Sepoy Barbarities," given on the authority of interested parties, some of whom resided, at the time, more than a thousand miles from the spot where the *atrocities* they so flippantly describe were committed. As it is at all times, and under every circumstance, highly injudicious, as well as unjust, to condemn an accused on insufficient testimony, or where the witness is likely to profit by the conviction of the party arraigned, we are therefore, compelled to withhold our disapprobation of those "Indian Atrocities" until we can at least obtain their confirmation from another and more certain source than that of avowed and open enemies. Over and over again for more than the last half century has the story of British outrage and plunder in India been shouted in the public ear but without ever evoking a just or charitable response. Now, however, when human endurance can bear no more, and the down-trodden serf turns on his fiendish tormentor, High Heaven is insulted with a cry of hypocrisy, rendered more detestable when we call to mind the terrible array of suffering and wrong, of guilt and premeditated injustice by which it is ushered in.

SIR THOMAS MORE AS AN EXAMPLE TO YOUTH.

In reading over an old volume we lately fell upon the following anecdotes of the saintly Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. They deserve to be read everywhere but nowhere so much as in America:

"Whensoever he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the chancery, by the court of the King's Bench, if his father (one of the judges thereof) had been seated, or he came, he would go into the same court, and there reverentially kneeling down in the sight of them all, duly ask his father's blessing. And if it fortuned that his father and he at readings in Lincoln's Inn met together, notwithstanding his high office, he would offer in argument the pre-eminence to his father, though he, for his office sake, would refuse to take it. And for the better declaration of his natural affection towards his father, he not only while he lay on his death-bed, according to his duty, oft times with comfortable words, most kindly came to visit him, but also at his departure out of the world with tears taking him about the neck most lovingly kissed and embraced him, commending him into the merciful hands of Almighty God." Let the proud, self-willed, disobedient children of these days read this and blush.

Nearly the entire of the illustrated weekly papers published in this and the neighboring cities bear large and life-like illustrations of the manner in which unfortunate Sepoy soldiers in India are blown from the cannon's mouth at the behest of their British masters, as well as for the purpose of gratifying their intense cravings for blood. It is well to put these things on record, in order that future generations may become in some sort acquainted with the manner in which the "Magnanimous British Nation" dispensed justice among the hapless nations over whom it obtained sway.

As we go to press several important failures are announced among the business men of the city, and others are hourly expected.

A PRIEST AND HIS PEOPLE.

Address to the Rev. Michael Downey, *Assistant Pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wisconsin, on his removal to the city of Milwaukee.*

Watertown, September 9th, 1857.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—Having read with pain, that in obedience to the call of our good Bishop, you are about to take your departure from amongst us, we hasten to assure you that the high estimation in which you were held, even during your short residence with us, cannot be very well expressed. Your eloquent and masterly style in the pulpit—your exemplary piety—your mild and gentle bearing in all your social relations with us, have endeared you to us beyond conception. In the performance of your spiritual duties, though arduous, you shrunk not from their inevitable attendants—labor, hardship and fatigue; zeal and piety characterized all your efforts, and in the example thus shown by your untiring energy and self-denial in the cause of our holy religion, you have won many hearts. Stubborn minds have yielded to your persuasive eloquence, and returned with you in love to the foot of the Cross of our Redeemer. Oh! will we see no more that face beaming with the rays of happiness and peace—will we no more listen to that voice—that heart, ever cheerful and contented, attracting the hearts of men to a unity of feeling and of faith? Are we no more to hear that heaven-gifted tongue, speaking to us in the language of encouragement, to persevere in the faithful discharge of our duties to God and the salvation of our souls? These and many other virtues possessed by you, have left impressions on our hearts that time or absence cannot efface. Your absence from us will leave a void that cannot be easily filled, but the memory of your many virtues will cheer us in our solitude, and reconcile us to our loss, when we know that the many gifts of head and heart which distinguished you so highly and gained so fully the love of all our people, must meet with a response and encouragement from those of your new home equal to our own.

We therefore, Rev. and dear Sir, beg your acceptance of the enclosed sum, freely given by a few of your many friends, as a slight testimony of their respect, while we, in the fullness of our hearts, beg the Almighty Giver of good gifts to grant you a continuance of his choicest blessings, at the same time that, individually, we commend ourselves to your pious prayers.

We remain, Rev. Sir, your obedient children in Christ,

Edward Johnson,
Bernard O'Bryne,
Michael Owen,
Committee.

REPLY.

Watertown, September 10th, 1857.

Gentlemen:—Will you be kind enough to convey to the inhabitants of Watertown and its vicinity, my sincere thanks for their kindness and indulgence, of which, on this and many other occasions, they have made me, unmeritedly, the recipient. Giving way to their natural impulse, to the gentle and good but ever-indulgent feelings of their kind and generous hearts, they try to place me in a position which, no doubt, I ought to aspire to, but which I have never yet compassed or attained. In their address I see the model, but from it, too, I learn and discover my own imperfections. One thing only can I yield to them, which I believe is alike common to all my brethren as to myself—my wish, desire, and my efforts to do good. If they have been followed, if they have been corresponded with to any amount, certainly I am not vain or arrogant enough to refer all the glory to or claim the credit for myself. No, my friends. After God, to the good people of Watertown themselves, am I indebted for the satisfaction, the happiness, the enjoyment which surrounded me while among them, and to them I will refer the many pleasing reminiscences that will assuredly haunt me in my new home. Their magnificent present I cannot for a long time forget, but the feelings, the dispositions, and address with which it has been accompanied, I trust shall never be forgotten while a spark of memory or feeling remains. As for yourselves, gentlemen, allow me also to return you my warmest thanks for your kind wishes, and be assured that not only I cannot forget, for a very long time, the kind and warm and affectionate manner with which you have discharged, to yourselves, I believe, so pleasing a duty, nor the very proper and becoming request with which you have taken your leave. Wishing you all, my dear friends of Watertown and its vicinity every blessing, allow me to remain with respect and esteem,

Your obedient servant,
Michael Downey,
Assistant Pastor, Milwaukee.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 21st., 1857.

Mr. Editor:—In the *Boston Pilot* of the 19th instant, I notice a paragraph relative to Trade Sales and Catholic Publishers. Similar articles from the same source appeared on former occasions. Who is this *disinterested* individual whose sympathy knows no bounds; whose *unselfish* and *generous heart* embraces the interests of the booksellers throughout the country? Who is he I say? He is the Charlatan who has tried every round of the *puffing-machine* in order to galvanize into life worthless trash of books, and impose on his countrymen. He it is who with the audacity of the *mock auctioneer*, and the instincts of the little-jokerman denounces "Trade Sales," and those who contribute to them, while he stealthily enters his own publications under the name of his bookbinder. He can *speak feelingly* as to the prices obtained at these sales, as his books scarcely brought the prices paid to this same person for binding them. I would advise him when he again enters his books, whether in his own name or that of his binder, to insert over his list in the Trade Sale Catalogue the caption, "*buy the best*," and see if the purchasers there are not more impressible.

But levity aside, this man excites no other feeling in the trade than the most supreme contempt. The fulsome laudations of worthless books—the disgusting expedients to which he resorts to impose them on the people, and the impertinent interference in the business of others, are matters in which he stands alone in the trade and to which no honorable man would resort. If he thinks I do him injustice in the character I give of his books I would refer him to the critical notices of his publications, given by a learned gentleman in the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati of a recent date. He must not suppose that booksellers do not see through his artifices. The greatest injury this class has suffered in business has been through him. It is he who first introduced the system of sending books by Mail, at retail prices, free of postage. It is he who, to the injury of the local booksellers, urges a few to unite and thereby obtain his books at wholesale rates. In conclusion, no subterfuge is too mean—no work too dirty for this man to engage in. And, while I would pass by in silence all his acts were he not obtruding himself on the public, he must bear in mind the old adage, that "he who lives in a glass house must not throw stones."

Yours, &c., A Bookseller.

THE GIANT.

BY CHARLES MACKIE.

There came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through—
At length I looked him in the face
And cried: "Who cares for you?"

The mighty giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale, and thin and small,
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low—
"Is this," I cried, with glowing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb—
But weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

We have received the first number of a new Monthly publication, entitled "The American Educator," devoted to the Teacher, the Farmer, and the Family. It is neatly got up, and promises to be an interesting and useful visitor.

In Press, and will soon be published, "Rome—Its Ruler and Its Institutions," by John Francis Maguire, M.P.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
164 William street.

DIED.

Pardow.—At Manhattanville, on Tuesday, Sept. 22, Julia, daughter of the late George Pardow, of this city.

TESTIMONIAL TO THOS. D'ARCY McGEE, ESQ.

The Friends of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., propose to present him at an early day,—before the close of October,—with a substantial Testimonial of their confidence and regard; and with that intention the Committee, which has authorized the undersigned to make this public announcement of the fact, have already placed in the hands of the Treasurer (James Sadlier, Esq.) the sum of Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars, contributed spontaneously by a few gentlemen of this city. The list of contributors, as completed, will be made public on the occasion of the Presentation, of which due notice will be given.

M. P. Egan,
Franklin House, Chairman.
James Sadlier,
Cor. Notre Dame and St. Frs. Xavier sts., Treas.
James Donnelly,
McGill street, Secretary.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Notice.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Notice.—The back numbers of the N. Y. Tablet can be supplied to those who wish to have complete sets. New subscribers can be supplied from the first number.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Travelling Agents.

Rhode Island.—Mr. Joseph Eagan is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Rhode Island.

Canada West.—Mr. P. Trahey is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Canada West.

Mr. Patrick Ahern is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Chicago and vicinity. He keeps a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale at New York prices. We hope our friends in the West will extend their patronage to him.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. James Doyle is authorized to canvass for the Tablet in Milbury, Mass., and other towns that he may visit.

Salem, Mass.—We are happy to state that our old friend, Mr. Timothy J. Donovan, has consented to resume the Agency of the Tablet in Salem and vicinity. Our subscribers would oblige us by calling at Mr. Donovan's house 4 Beach street and settling up to January, '58.

Mr. James McGee is duly authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in New York City. tf

Mr. John Graham is authorized to canvass and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Chicago and vicinity. tf

We would call the attention of the Clergy, Religious Institutions and Library Societies to the advertisement of Foreign Books on our 16th page. It is seldom there is such a catalogue of valuable Books to be found in this country. We will have a constant supply of all the works named; also a large assortment of Latin and French Historical and Theological Works; Missals, Paris and Mechlin editions.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
164 William street.

The Dublin *Tablet*, Dublin *Telegraph*, New York *Freeman's Journal*, Boston *Pilot*, Pittsburgh *Catholic*, Philadelphia *Catholic Herald and Visitor*, Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, Charleston *Miscellany*, Baltimore *Mirror* and St. Louis *Sunday Leader*, will please send one copy of their paper addressed to St. James' Reading Room, 199 Jay street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and charge to

D. & J. Sadlier, & Co.,
164 William street, N. Y.

Literature.

LECTURES ON THE EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY. Delivered in the Cathedral of Louisville. By M. J. SPALDING, D.D., Bishop of Louisville. *Webb & Levering, Louisville. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.* 1857.

Catholicity on either continent has few nobler or more benign ornaments than the eminent divine who presides in this year of grace 1857, over the Diocese of Louisville. Of his literary abilities, it is unnecessary for us to say anything here, they have been established long before now, and we doubt not, but the author of the *Miscellanea* is regarded, even by these who differ from him in religious belief, as one well worthy of occupying a foremost position among the men of letters at present on the soil of this Western Continent of ours.

The present volume contains fourteen lectures on the principal evidences which sustain Catholicity, and were delivered in the Cathedral Church of Louisville a few years since. It cannot be denied but that such a work is absolutely necessary at a time such as the present, when every imaginable ingenuity is devised by a certain and not unnumerous class, to vilify its doctrines, and to represent its ministers as both dangerous and obnoxious to the prevailing form of government. To the candid and unbiassed —to those who look for truth only, and who despise artifice and malevolence, this volume comes at a most opportune period. The Church at no single period since its establishment has denied investigation, but, on the contrary, has invariably courted it, perfectly conscious that by such means alone the impartial enquirer and seeker after truth can have his cravings satisfied.

It is the consciousness of this that has induced the publisher to issue a second edition of the work, convinced that the great truths therein contained need but patient in vestigation to bring forth its fruits and fructify in the hearts of many.

THEOLINDA AND ADELINE, OR AGNES THE YOUNG MAIDEN WITH THE LUTE. Translated from the French by a pupil of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg. *Hedian & O'Brien, 82 Baltimore street, Baltimore.* 1857.

Among the many changes taking place from day to day, there are few more commendable than is presented us in the superiority of the books offered for the amusement and instruction of the children of the present day over those which were in existence some fifteen or twenty years ago. We are led to this observation when we reflect on the avidity with which in some nook or silent corner we were wont, in our boyhood, to pour for hours over the "renowned adventures" of *Don Belianus of Greece, Little King Pippin*, or *Dick Whittington*, all great notables, no doubt, in their own way, but no more fitted as food for the tender minds of childhood than the pernicious stuff of some more modern and would-be refined authors of the present day are to those of a more advanced age. We have no doubt but the present little volume will well suffice for the place assigned it, and will be found on perusal both pleasing and instructive.

ESSAY ON THE JOY OF THE CHRISTIAN SOUL. Translated from the Rev. Father Ambrose De Lombez. By Rev. EDWARD DAMPHOUX, D.D. *Hedian & O'Brien, Baltimore.* 1857.

The author fully explains the motive which induced him to issue this little work, when he tells us that he intended it as an antidote against sadness, which he assures us is the deadly poison of our souls. The familiar and simple style in which it is written is highly to be commended.

ROME—ITS RULER AND ITS INSTIUTIONS.

BY JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P.

[*From the Dublin Telegraph.*]

It would be difficult to name any book published at a more seasonable juncture, or on a more interesting subject, than Mr. Maguire's, and too much credit cannot be given to its author for having gone, we may say, out of his way so far as to undertake a journey to Rome itself, in order, as we presume his object was, to refute in and out of his place in Parliament the various misstatements, calumnies and misrepresentations, which are daily launched forth with unparalleled recklessness against "Rome, its Ruler and its Institutions." It was a mission, a pilgrimage if you will, for which an intelligent and highly educated Catholic representative was peculiarly fitted, and, judging from the result, even so far as it appears in the volume which heads our notice, the important task could not have fallen into better hands.

Knowing from melancholy experience the various points in the citadel of truth, at which the enemy's envenomed shafts were more especially levelled, the honorable member for Dungarvan directed his inquiries to them in particular, to the end that, by ocular demonstration, he might first convince himself, and then convince others, that the works were everywhere as sound, and the rock-built fortress as impregnable as when they were first constructed by the Divine Hand.

The journey which the Sovereign of Rome has just performed through his dominions was undertaken not for purposes of either pleasure or recreation, but in order to see and hear everything that could enable him to form a due and unbiassed estimate of his people's condition, and the state of the country. Even the journals which are incessant in their denunciations of the Pope's misrule, and which represent his subjects as groaning under the weight of his tyranny and despotism, even such journals are compelled to acknowledge that his reception by those very people has been one uninterrupted and joyous ovation, from the moment when he left the Eternal City to the hour of his return. True, his slanderers assert that the people are not admitted to his august presence —that they are not allowed to state their complaints and grievances to him—that he is engirt by cardinals and priests, by monks and nuns, who form round his sacred person an impassable phalanx, an insuperable barrier, which it is impossible to penetrate; but this is the last desperate shift left to the maligners of the best and holiest of men, the most gentle and benignant of monarchs. The Pope has made himself thoroughly master, not only of his own situation but of the people's likewise, and Pio Nono has shown enough of his benevolent disposition and love of justice to convince us that wherever amelioration is necessary, and wherever it can be introduced, there his paternal hand will not fail to apply it. Meanwhile, nothing could be more opportune than the appearance of Mr. Maguire's work at such a moment, since its most important details are corroborated by the manifestations which have attended the progress of the Holy Father through the States of the Church. But we must allow the hon. member to speak for himself—an office which, for whomsoever he performs it, few can perform better.

After speaking of the Roman Revolution in '48, of the assault on the Pope's palace, and the acts of violence committed, the threat of breaking into the Quirinal and putting to death every inmate thereof, his Holiness himself excepted, Mr. Maguire clearly shows that there was not the slightest excuse for this violence:

"Who will attempt, on rational grounds, to account for this abominable outrage? If, indeed, the palace assailed with such savage fury had been the dwelling-place of some foul tyrant, stained with the blood of his people—of some hardened monster, to whose ears the cries and groans of his subjects were as sweet music —of some wretch, dead to every good and generous emotion, and whose greatest delight it was to oppress and trample upon those unhappily subject to his sway—then might the world comprehend and account for the dark doings of this day of shame and terror. But the monarch thus brutally outraged was the best as well as the most exalted of living men—in whose breast ever welled a fountain of love, and charity, and compassion—whose every thought, from the moment that he rose in the morning, till he last knelt to his God at night, was of doing good—how he could improve and elevate his people—how he could promote their temporal and eternal interests—how he could most effectually minister to the necessities of the poor, the suffering and the sick—how he could most securely train the young in intelligence and virtue, raise up the fallen, and restore the erring to the right path. His was a brow that never contracted in resentment—his an eye that never flashed with anger—his a mouth that never uttered words of scorn or contempt; but ever gentle, ever merciful, ever good, Pius IX. seemed born to attract towards him the hearts and win the confidence of mankind. But the base and bad took advantage of those qualities which command the respect of the good, and despised the gentle and benign sovereign for the lack of that sternness and that rigor which they could alone appreciate, but which formed no element in the sweet character of the Vicar of Christ."

We give the following sketch of the political prisons at Rome, but the description of them which we read almost daily in English newspapers and the diaries of British tourists, are so widely different from what these prisons really are, that we must give Mr. Maguire's visit to one of the "Roman dungeons," as "our own correspondents" generally call them:

"Passing over the prison for women, which forms part of the vast collection of buildings, I may refer to that in which persons convicted or accused of political offences were then confined. To this department of the building I turned with considerable anxiety, being desirous of judging, by what I should myself see, how far the statements of certain of the English journals, with respect to the treatment of political prisoners, were true or false. I expected, at the least, to behold gloomy and noisome cells; to see the victims of Papal tyranny lying on scanty bundles of straw flung on stone couches, and to hear the clanking of the galling fetter and the pondrous chain. In fact, to realize the picture of a 'Roman dungeon' which English writers have made familiar to my mind, the prison into which I was about being admitted should, as nearly as possible, resemble those fearful dungeons that are shown to the stranger in Venice, and which, in their horrid gloom and tomb-like aspect, speak with terrible eloquence of the mysterious tyranny of its departed Republic. But as the guardian turned the key, and flung open the door of the great hall of the prison, my thick-coming fancies and dark associations were at once dispelled. For, instead of gloom, and horror, and noisome dungeons, I beheld a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and—could such a word be properly applied to any place of confinement—cheerful-looking hall. The bright sun streamed in through several windows, placed rather high from the ground, on one side of this vast hall; and on the other side, and facing the light, the cells were constructed, row above row, their doors and windows opening into this large enclosure. There was no clanking of chains to be heard, but, instead, the hum of conversation, as some twenty or twenty-five men were, at the moment, either walking up and down, or engaged in a game of dominoes. They all wore their ordinary clothes and might have passed for a number of persons who had been confined for debt. A glance into the interior of the cells of this Roman dungeon was quite sufficient to show that, not only had they ample air and light, but that they differed from ordinary cells in the great superiority of their size and arrangement. In size alone, they were considerably larger than the cells of an ordinary prison. They also differed from the ordinary cell in a much more remarkable manner; for in those into which I looked, there were drinking glasses of different kinds, some ornaments, and other articles not to be expected in such places. So far as a sense of delicacy would permit of my doing so, I saw enough to discredit the statements which I had been accustomed to read; and to convince me, that, at least in this prison —the only prison in Rome in which political prisoners were then detained—there was no feature, whether of degradation or of cruelty, which could in any way justify those descriptions of 'Italian dungeons' so familiar to the United Kingdom. I passed through a room, or ward, of considerable size, in which there were several men, the greater number of whom were sitting on their beds; which beds appeared to be of the description usually found in a public hospital. Light and air were fully supplied to this as to the other compartment which I have described.

"The prison is entirely in the hands, and entirely under the management of the police. At the time of my visit, somewhere about the middle of last November, the number of prisoners within its walls was under fifty; and of this number but a small proportion was undergoing punishment for what are, in Rome, classed under the head of purely political offences. At first, I was unable to understand the distinction between offences 'purely political,' and offences 'arising out of party-spirit.' It was a distinction easily explained. The former class of offence is defined by its own term, and comprehends conspiracies and other attempts against the sovereign authority of the state. But the other class of offences has its origin in the vehemence of party feeling, and the quarrels and violence to which it leads. Perhaps I could not better indicate the character of those offences, as a means of distinguishing them from such as are purely political, than a reference to those outrages to which party-spirit annually leads in the North of Ireland, and which, though arising out of party-spirit, are not purely political in their character, and in no way imply an attempt against the government. Where such offences involve injury to property, and even to life, as they very frequently do in the Roman States, they must be punished, or society would at once become disorganized. And this class of offenders formed more than two-thirds of the entire numbers suffering punishment, or under arrest, for offences in any way arising out of politics. In fact, at the time of my visit to Rome, there were not more than 70 'purely political' offenders in all the prisons of the states; while of the other class, who had committed offences 'arising out of party-spirit,' the gross number was about 200—which figures exhibit a very different state of things from what, in common with the general public of these countries, I had been led to believe."

GLAS-EN-GLORA.*

'Tis sweet, in midnight solitude,
When the voice of man lies hush'd, subdued,
To hear thy mountain-voice so rude
Break silence, *Glas-en-glora!*

I love to see thy foaming stream
Dash'd sparkling in the bright moonbeam:
For then of happier days I dream,
Spent near thee, *Glas-en-glora!*

I see the holly and the yew
Still shading thee, as then they grew;
But there's a form meets not my view,
As once, near *Glas-en-glora!*

Thou gaily, brightly, sparkl'st on,
Wreathing thy dimples round each stone;
But the bright eye that on thee shone
Lies quench'd, wild *Glas-en-glora!*

Still rush thee on, thou brawling brook;
Though on broad rivers I may look
In other lands, thy lonesome nook
I'll think on, *Glas-en-glora!*

When I am laid in the grave,
Thou still wilt sparkle, dash and rave
Seaward, 'till thou becom'st a wave
Of ocean, *Glas-en-glora!*

Thy course and mine alike have been
Both restless, rocky, seldom green;
There rolls for me, beyond the scene,
An ocean, *Glas-en-glora!*

And when my span of life's gone by,
Oh! if past spirits back can fly,
I'll often ride the night-wind's sigh
That's breathed o'er *Glas-en-glora!*

* A Mountain torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean through Glengariff in the west of the county of Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."

HOW THE OLD ARE TREATED IN AMERICA. —Where is the reverence of the olden time? Men with gray hairs, women with wrinkled faces, and some who have not so far advanced in life, speak of it as a thing that was, and they mourn that they do not see it now-a-days. Once, age was respected because it was age without regard to titles or riches; the very children in the street paused as the old man tottered by them leaning on his stick, his long white hair fluttering in the wanton breeze, and his dim eyes lighting up at the sight of their pleasant smile. We were visiting lately in a family where were several pretty girls—beautifully attired, well educated, literally loaded with accomplishmets, for they could sing, dance, play, embroider, chatter French, translate Latin, sing Italian, and withal were very handsome. The door opened and in came an old lady—very old. She looked about her as she slowly moved forward; not a head bowed in token of her presence—no one moved to give her a seat. "Louise," whispered one, "give grandmother a chair." "I shan't; she might as well stay up stairs," was the ungracious reply. Presently one of them (shamed at our disapproval, for we immediately arose and conducted the aged woman toward our own chair) offered her the seat with rockers, but she declined it, preferring to take what was given ungrudgingly. During all her stay, these very genteel young ladies noticed her no more than if she was not in the room, except when she made an odd or ungrammatical expression they tittered and ridiculed it among themselves.

O, it was thoroughly revolting to see this crown of gray hairs despoiled of its glory, mocked by these thoughtless creatures. And soon these trembling feet would be treading the verge of the grave, and the mould would crumble and fall on a coffin, and they would think of her as the Old Woman whose presence was a nuisance—a check upon their pleasure—one who was always quoting old-fashioned songs or singing them through her nose, whose homely gown, with its crossed handkerchief, was distasteful to their fashionable eyes, and of whom even the matron would say—"Well, really, mother was growing so very childish, I could hardly mourn that she was gone." Thus it is and in this way that many of the aged are treated at the present day. Their sorrows, their tears, their sacrifices, their humble, hard toils for children who have grown to manhood, are all forgotten, and those to whom they have given birth are ashamed of them. Alas! that it should be so—that while God, the great being to whom we owe all that we are, treats the gray hairs with reverence calling them crowns of glory, we insult them in our conduct toward them both in public and in private. Let no one who has any regard for his own character, his own purity and integrity, treat the aged with irreverence—they stand very near God.

AN ACTIVE CAREER.—General Albert Sidney Johnston, who succeeded General Harney in command of the army now marching against Utah, was born in Kentucky, in the year 1802, and is, therefore, about fifty-five years old. His father removed from Connecticut to Kentucky in 1787, and was one of the pioneers of that region. The son studied at Transylvania University, graduated at West Point, served eight years as lieutenant and adjutant in the sixth regiment United States Infantry, was adjutant-general of the Illinois troops with the rank of colonel in the Black Hawk war, and subsequently resigned his commission in the United States army to join that of Texas, which he did shortly after the battle of San Jacinto. Being a good disciplinarian, he perfected the organization of the Texan army, of which he became adjutant-general, and passed rapidly through all the grades until, in 1837, he was commander-in chief. In 1839, he acted as Secretary of War under President Lamar, and was in a memorable fight on the Neuces, in which the Texans defeated seven hundred Cherokees. At the breaking out of the Mexican war, Gen. Johnston, at the earnest request of Gen. Taylor, joined the army, and was chosen colonel of the first Texas regiment. This was disbanded with others, afterwards, but Colonel Johnston became inspector-general of General Butler's division, and served as such at the battle of Monterey. After that battle he retired into private life as a planter in Brazoria County, Texas, where he remained until, in 1849, President Taylor appointed him paymaster in the army.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—The following singular accident happened in Cartersville Ga., a short time since: "A black boy, of about nineteen years, was sent down into a well to remove an obstruction to dipping water. Just as he reached the bottom the wall gave way and rolled in upon him. The well was sixty-seven feet deep. The boy had sixty feet of rock over him and upon him. It was soon ascertained that he was not crushed to death. His groans reached the top of the well, and his words could be heard and understood. A crowd soon gathered under the most intense excitement. Men worked as they had never worked before. The white man and the black man lost for the time all feelings of distinction. An all-absorbing sympathy for the poor sufferer blended all into one common humanity. They stopped not to eat, but dashed on with their work. In twenty-four hours he was raised out of the well in a box prepared for the purpose, amid shouts of rejoicing and triumph. Not a bone was broken, nor any serious injury. He could converse freely, and express his gratitude. He is now, after three days, able to walk about the neighborhood, and thank those who exerted themselves for his rescue.

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LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

TOMBS OF THE IRISH KINGS IN IONA.

Far in the wild Scottish main where the fierce northern blast keeps the waters in perpetual commotion—where the insignificant group of the Hebrides or Western Islands gem the stormy sea, with little in their outward aspect to attract more than a passing glance,—there in one of those low, dull islands is the burial-place of kings. Perhaps there is not in the known world a cemetery either ancient or modern which contains so many of the great ones of this world as that on the lone, neglected island of Iona. A place so rich is historic memoirs, so hallowed by sacred associations, so filled with the mouldering relics of departed greatness, is hardly to be found on earth, with, perhaps, the exception of Clonmacnoise on the Shannon. Iona, the chosen home of religion, the focus whence its hallowed light was diffused over the adjoining land of Scotland, Iona has aptly been called "the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge, and the blessings of religion."*

"Isle of Columba's cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cherishing spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning star."

Iona, called also Icolmkill or *Columbkill's Island*, was, from the time of that great apostle, the seat of a famous Abbey, and also of a convent of Augustinian nuns, and many eminent bishops both of England and Scotland were trained up within the glorious pile whose ruins are still to be seen on the Bay of Martyrs in Iona. Kings and princes and lords of high degree sent their sons for tuition to the Abbey of Hy,† and thither, too, were their mortal remains carried for interment when death had closed their mortal career. "Iona," says a modern gazetteer, "was the retreat of science and literature, and of the fine and useful arts, almost as conspicuously as of religion. Columba himself excelled in all secular learning, was a proficient in the knowledge of medicine and the practice of eloquence, and laboriously instructed the barbarians in agriculture, gardening, and other arts of civilized life. Not a few of the members of his community, in successive generations, were eminently skilled in rhetoric, poetry, music, astronomy, mathematics, and general philosophy and science."‡

What a multitude of glorious memories cluster amid the ruins of this little island!—how mournful is the lesson conveyed by its ancient burial-ground, filled with the dust of saints, and kings, and nobles, now undistinguishable from the earth around—their tombs for the most part broken and defaced, and half buried in the rank grass—their inscriptions hardly legible, in many instances totally effaced by time.

"Ye who have sail'd among the thousand isles,
Where proud Iona rears its giant piles,
Perchance have linger'd at that sacred spot,
To muse on men and ages half forgot:
Though spoil'd by time, their mouldering walls avow
A calm that o'en the sceptic might allow;
Here, where the waves these time-worn caverns beat
The early Christian fix'd his rude retreat;
Here first the symbol of his creed unfurl'd,
And spread religion o'er a darken'd world.
Here as I kneel beside this moss-grown fane,
The moon sublimely holds her noiseless reign;
Thro' roofless piles the stars serenely gleam,
And light these arches with their yellow beam;
While the lone heart mid the cloister'd gloom,
Indulges thoughts that soar beyond the tomb.
All-beauteous night! how lovely is each ray,
That e'en can add a splendor to decay!
For lo! where saints have heaved the pious sigh,
The dusky owl sends forth his fearful cry!
Here, too, we mark, where yon pale beam is shed,
The scatter'd relics of the mighty dead;
The great of old—the meteors of an age—
The sceptred monarch, and the mitred sage:
What are they now?—the victims of decay—
The very worm hath left its noisome prey;
And yet, blest shades! if such a night as this
Can tempt your spirits from yon tales of bliss,
Perchance ye now are floating thro' the air,
And breathe the stillness which I seem to share."§

The oldest existing ruin on the island is St. Oran's Chapel, the erection of which is very generally attributed to the Norwegians after their conversion to Christianity. "On the south side of the chapel and adjacent to it, is an enclosure called Relig Oran, 'the burying-place of Oran.' This was the grand cemetery of Iona, the cherished and far-famed spot whither, for ages, funeral parties voyaged from a distance to inter the illustrious dead. Within this enclosure stood some few centuries since three tombs, formed like little chapels, bearing on their ends or gables the inscriptions '*Tumulus Regum Scotiæ*,' '*Tumulus Regum Hybernie*,' and '*Tumulus Regum Norwegiæ*,' enclosing respectively the ashes of forty-eight kings of Scotland, one king of Norway and two kings of Ireland."*

The writer from whom I have quoted states that *four* Irish kings were deposited in that Ionian vault, but, after a careful investigation of our Annals, we can only find the names of two of our monarchs who died in Hy. Let us see, then, who are these *kings of Ireland* who await the resurrection in the consecrated earth of Icolmkill.

About the year 763 of our era Daniel III., supreme Monarch of Ireland, being a prince of a calm contemplative mind, and much given to religious exercises, conceived a desire to divest himself for a while of the cares of State, and to go on a pilgrimage to St. Columba's Isle. Twenty long years had the good king borne the burden of his regal functions; he saw his dominions rent asunder by internal discord, and harassed from without by the frequent incursions of the Scottish Picts, and his paternal heart ached for the woes and miseries of his people. Neither was he gifted with these peculiar qualities of mind or body which would have enabled him to breast the storm, so he thought the best thing he could do was to make a pilgrimage to Iona in order to propitiate Heaven by his prayers and mortifications, and to invoke for his afflicted country the powerful intercession of St. Columbkill. The short voyage was made in safety, and Daniel knelt an humble supplicant at Columba's shrine; peace descended like a dove on the soul of the pious king, but his body, exhausted by the year-long anxieties to which he had been a prey, soon gave tokens of approaching dissolution, and the good king saw with heartfelt joy that he was doomed to close his days in Iona. He died in the Abbey of Hy, and ordered his body to be interred in the adjacent cemetery, where a vault was constructed for the honored remains.

Daniel III. was succeeded on the throne of Ireland by Nial II., son of that Farrel who was slain at the battle of Allen. This monarch is known in Irish History as Niall Frassach, that is Niall of the Showers, on account of certain preternatural showers which are said to have fallen in his time. One of these was of blood, another of honey, and a third of silver. There were also several earthquakes during his reign in many parts of the kingdom, and to crown all came a terrible famine which swept away great numbers of the people. It was a time of strange prodigies and fearful visitations, and the monarch was struck with terror at sight of such awful manifestations of the divine wrath. Humbling himself before the mighty hand of the Avenger, he determined to devote his remaining years to penance and mortification, hoping thereby to appease the majesty of Heaven outraged by the unceasing crimes of the people and their rulers. For this purpose he retired to the drear solitude of Iona, and laying aside crown and sceptre, royal robes and glittering jewels, he assumed the coarse garb of the monks and lived amongst them, the humblest of the humble, for a period of eight years when his purified soul passed away from this world to enjoy the delights of eternal bliss. His mortal remains were laid in the same tomb with those of Daniel, his predecessor, whose bright example he had thus gloriously followed. Such is the history of the two kings of Ireland who rest in the *Tumulus*, near St. Oran's Chapel, amongst the classic ruins of Iona.

* *Topographical and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland*, p. 51, Art. *Iona*.

— In our next, How the Leinstermen got rid of the Boromhean Tribute, A. D. 675. The Battle of Allen—Attempt of the Monarch Fergall to collect the Boromhean Tribute, A. D. 722.

* Dr. Johnson's *Tour in the Hebrides*.

† Another name for Iona.

‡ *Topographical and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland*, p. 48.

§ Heneage Jesse.

Newspapers in Iowa and Minnesota.—There are now published in Iowa 19 daily papers, 109 weekly papers, 1 semi-monthly, and 6 monthly perio licals, in all 133, which, with an average circulation of 1,000 copies each, would make 133.000 newspapers published and circulated in the State each week. "There are," says the *Mount Pleasant Journal*, "probably an equal number and printed in other States and received in the families of Iowa, making in all nearly 300,000 newspapers read weekly by our citizens." There are, at the present time, 43 weekly and 8 daily newspapers printed and published in Minnesota. Of these 17 are Republican in politics; 14 are Democratic, and 12 are Independent. More than one-half of these 43 newspapers are less than one year old. Nine of them date the commencement of their existence within the past two months.

DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

A correspondent of the *Christian Times*, a dissenting journal, mourns over the decline of Protestantism in France, which the writer attributes to the following causes. He says:

"This decline is but too real; to the reasons for it that I mentioned should be added another, which must be thoroughly taken into account in certain provinces, and especially in Normandy. Where Protestants are lukewarm, they melt away by absorption into the great Roman Catholic stream; but where they are full of religious life and faithfulness, they also disappear from intermarriage among connections, not choosing to unite with the Romans, as they say. I know districts where the Protestants are all relatives, and near relatives. Marriages generally take place between first cousins; few children are born from these unions, or they are weak in constitution and die before their time. I could mention a locality where, out of ten marriages, seven were between first cousins, two between second cousins, and only one between strangers in blood. There is still another way in which Protestantism declines. You are right to call with all your soul for the man whom the Lord will raise up to revive all these dead bodies! But such a man is not yet come. The Pastors of the National Church have no idea of the extent of the evil, or else grow discouraged and content themselves with preaching. The Pastors in general are men who preach at *sacred* hours, according to the expression of one of them. Even the best, who have to visit the scattered communes, solicit the government for permission to reside in towns! in hamlets and villages there is so little salary, so few apartments, so few resources! The Pastor settles therefore in the chief town, and on Sunday makes a round of excursions to preach. If poor scattered Protestants are sick they remain unvisited; to have the comfort of a Pastor they must send an express, and often he only reaches the place when the patient is dead. 'We only see them at funerals!' said an aged woman to me; she had seen the deaths of the greater number of her relations, but she used the expression with a sorrow that was not personal only; she understood well that life could not return to the flock when the conducters were habitually so far off."

The abuses above complained of may have operated to a certain extent in bringing about the decline of which the writer in the *Times* complains, yet the real cause is to be found in the fact that Protestantism invariably failed to reconcile itself with either the instincts or feelings of the Celtic race, and accordingly we find that in France, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Islands of the Mediterranean, where this race has more paticularly fixed its abode, there all attempts for its establishment has proved abortive. In the same communication we find a vivid description of the recent religious *fete* at Boulogne-sur-mer, at which was a procession two kilometres in length of mitred prelates, and an immense concourse of people.

A New England Judge of the Last Century.—John Dudley, of Raymond, a trader and farmer, was a Judge of the Superior Court in New Hampshire from 1785 to 1797. He was a man of keen sagacity and strong common sense; his mind was discriminating, his memory retentive—and he was a most extraordinary person. He had but little education and no legal learning. He was intent on doing substantial justice in every case. Theophilus Parsons said, "You may laugh at his law and ridicule his language, but Dudley is, after all, the best Judge I ever knew in New Hampshire." The following specimen of the conclusion of one of the charges of Judge Dudley will illustrate his ideas of the law. He addresses the jury in somewhat after this style: "You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! but no, I will not abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients; they are paid for it; and they have done in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England. Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much safer guide for us—the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter and the other towns which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakspeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this, 'Be just and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I have never read and never will, but by common sense and by common honesty as between man and man. That is our business; and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect, or evade, or turn aside from it. And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury, and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already, about matters which have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain, common-sense men, you need not be ashamed."

GREAT NUMBER OF SUICIDES.

Looking over our exchanges, one is struck with amazement on observing how great is the number of suicides recorded in them. Scarce a day passes, says the *Atlas and Argus*, that they do not contain accounts of half a dozen cases; and it is a noticeable fact, too, that nearly all the self-murders in this country are committed by persons moving in the middling and higher classes. The commission of the act is, sometimes, attributable to hereditary predisposition to insanity; but it is much more frequently traceable to defective education, although the perpetrator is reputed "well educated." It is to be traced, in too many instances, to that sort of education, which, failing to lay fixed moral principles for the basework of after life, imparts that peculiar tone to the mind which renders it pliable to every outside pressure—giving to the world's opinion that faith which it should only bestow on its own resources. Let the ambition of such a mind be disapponted, and its dread of taunts will drive it to the cowardly conclusion that suicide is its only loophole. Did all sincerely believe that there is no disappointment that cannot be finally overcome, and no error that a well-conducted life may not live down or fully atone for, the press would have fewer "suicides" to chronicle. We repeat—the fatal defect is more often in the education than in the constitution.

Some governments have established what are termed punishments for the commission of the crime—such as the exposure of the dead body, confiscation of the suicide's property, &c., but they have proved of little utility. The confiscation of the property is neither more nor less than punishing the innocent living for the criminal deed of the dead; while the exposure of the body is repugnant to every feeling of refinement. Such "punishments" will never check the evil. It is not bad, but good examples that are called for. A very efficacious remedy, in our opinion, consists in teaching the young to set a just value on human life, and how to steer clear of those false notions about pride and honor, now too frequent, which, if fostered, cannot but lead to disappointments and the most painful chagrins.

Advice to the Tillers of the Soil.—The revolt in India is the harbinger of famine; 180 millions of human creatures will need large supplies of food from the products of other regions, The army of India, the transport fleet for that army and its supplies, the necessities growing out of the disturbed state of that great English dependency, will call for much of our surplus beef, pork and flour. The two last named articles are the products of every year, but beef requires years of nourishment before it is ready for use. The wicked, wanton waste of breeding power, which is the besetting sin of American farmers, ought to be checked. Every farmer ought to be required to give an account of himself, who kills a female calf. We ought to preserve every "cow-calf" that is dropped, for five years to come. By this method we might soon have a supply of beef, not only for ourselves, but for any emergency abroad.

Beef, mutton, sugar, eggs and butter, the expensive items of life, are shamefully neglected by the general farming interest of the whole country. Calves are slaughtered without regard to sex or the price of food. Mutton is neglected everywhere, north and northeast. Fleece, without regard to meat, is the hobby, and farmers prefer to make shoes rather than feed "orts" to sheep. Hens are left like prairie chickens, to take care of themselves. A farmer who has twenty hens lets them feed themselves, and buys or goes without eggs. One rainy day devoted to giving them shelter, and five minutes to direct proper food, would give him eggs to eat and eggs to sell. Care in making butter is necessary. It is now, as a business, neglected, or, in most instances, done in so slovenly a manner that it is impossible to get a good article at reasonable rates. An immense quantity of butter is made, which has to be sold low, because of the want of care in putting it up for market. The few careful farmers get large profits, while thousands are disgusted with the result of their dairies, who are themselves alone to blame.

A little attention to these suggestions would produce millions of dollars now lost to our farmers, and would help to make labor light and the ways of life more cheerful.—*Evening Post.*

Taking French Leave.—Our Canadian contemporaries abound in recitals of attempts made by soldiers belonging to the British garrison in Canada to effect their escape. The 9th Infantry alone is reported to have lost some 200 men by desertion, nor is the malady at all abating. The following we find in the columns of a journal published at St. John's, New Brunswick:

"On Thursday morning a Provost Sergeant and two men went to the steamer Adelaide to search for some men, who, it was suspected, had deserted. They did not find these men; but just as the boat was starting, one of the Sergeant's own men jumped on board to make his escape. The Sergeant and other men followed to bring him back, and seized him, but the person in charge of the steamer refused to stop or allow the deserter to be put ashore, although a Sergeant in regimentals, who had barely escaped from the boat to the wharf, called out to him that the man was a deserter. There was some excitement amongst the military immediately after, but the boat had gone with the three soldiers."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Indian Correspondence.—Its value and objects.—Standard of military height reduced.—Recruits wanted.—Army Chaplains for India.—An American Missionary.—Destruction of Missionary Property.—The Indian Fund.—Court Subscriptions.—Meeting of the Emperors.—France's Chinese Projects.—Mazzini.—Disturbance in Padua.—Persia.—Mormonic Dispositions of the English.—Belfast.—Consecration of the Cathedral of Kilkenny.—A Rumor.

LONDON, 11th September, 1857.

The news so anxiously expected from India has not yet arrived. In the meantime the English journals publish indiscriminately whole bushels of letters, received by the last mail, from all parts of India and from all sorts of people, but principally from ladies of all ages, from seventeen to seventy. As documents connected with the history of the insurrection, these epistles are utterly devoid of value, nor do they possess any merit as literary productions. Another branch of the correspondence is undertaken by private soldiers and non-commissioned officers before Delhi and elsewhere, who seem to have nothing better to do during the period of inglorious uneasiness than to mount the not very military charger known as Pegasus. They give various opinions as to the success of an attack on Delhi if it had been made in the beginning, but the general impression of these unequietted tacticians is that the assault would have been successful if attempted at the proper moment. They speak very highly of the bravery displayed by the insurgents and the admirable manner in which the Sepoy guns are served, while those of English are dumb or nearly so. These letters of the brave soldiers like those of the fair correspondents are generally remarkable for the absence of literary taste, and as to their strategical value I do not see how an English private could know anything about strategy, when English officers are entirely innocent of that science, and even the General themselves are "non-plussed" when the problem of a siege *en regle* turns up. The reasons for giving this mass of undigested trash and evident exaggeration to the public are, no doubt, that the public mind is continually brooding over this subject, and feels mournfully solaced in gloating over its grief, and that by keeping it in continual tension with regard to Indian affairs, the great body of the people may be induced to pay with their blood and treasure the expenses of the long debauch of rotten and lopped off members of the English aristocracy in the land of the Hindoo. Notwithstanding, however, the constant repetition of this process of inflation, and the reduction of the standard of military height for infantry, recruiting goes on but slowly. The staunch yeomanry of England are summoned to shoulder the musket, and in the "sister kingdom" the Lord Lieutenant has called out seven militia regiments. It is to be hoped that they will be better treated than when they were called out during the Eastern war.

Several of the Rev. Clergy have offered their services as Army Chaplains in India, and will immediately set out for the seat of war. You are no doubt aware that the Archbishop of Westminster had received from the Pope the power to grant the necessary facilities to ecclesiastics desirous of serving in that capacity. May heaven speed the holy and devoted men that are going to bring the priceless balm of religious consolation to the dying Catholic soldier in India!

An American Missionary, Mr. Hay, on the contrary, has just arrived, after abandoning his disciples and leaving the "field" to take care of itself. Discretion may be the better part of valor, but it is certainly not a very important ingredient in missionary zeal for the spread of the "word." Mr. Hay preached in the Independent Chapel, Above Bar, Southampton, on Sunday last, and gave a thrilling account of the dangers he had left behind him. The missionary property at Allahabad, to the value of £10,000, was destroyed, and at several other places more than £30,000 worth of property was demolished. It seems that the natives appreciate highly the efforts of the "chosen vessels." Mr. Hay may congratulate himself on his escape; a lecturing tour through the Provinces would be much more agreeable at present than the disseminating of the "word" among the Sepoys.

The French Ambassador, Count de Persigny, has sent the Lord Mayor £400, as the subscription of the Imperial Guard to the Indian Relief Fund. A dispatch from Balmoral announces subscriptions of £1,000 from the Queen, $300 from Prince Albert and £100 from the Duchess of Kent. The Governor and Company of the Bank of England have given £500 and Lord Palmerston, £100.

The meeting between the Emperors of France and Russia is now looked upon as certain. The interview will take place at Stuttgardt about the 25th current. The Emperor and Empress of the French will arrive at Stuttgardt on the 25th to return the King of Wirtemburg's visit. The Czar will be in Stuttgardt on the 24th, and remain there until the 28th. The interview is not looked upon with favor in ministerial circles here, and much anxiety is felt as to the result of the meeting of the Emperors, which, in such times as these, cannot be a mere affair of show.

The inability of the English to proceed to important action in China is about to be taken advantage of by the French Government to acquire influence in those regions. It is said that France sees a prospect of founding there an Oriental dominion similiar to the British Empire in India—but differently managed it is to be hoped. According to the *Journal des Debats*, the English were hastening to profit by the internal disorganization of the Chinese Empire, when the Indian insurrection came to disturb their civilizing, evangelizing and trafficking projects in the Central Flowery Land. This, according to the Paris journal, is a particular reason for hastening the action of the French Government in the matter. It is highly amusing and instructive to see how those friendly allies try to checkmate each other on every move.

Mazzini has not yet given up his work of disturbance. He has published a pronunciamento calling on the rich in Italy to open their purses in the "National Cause," and threatening such as may remain deaf to his appeal with a terrible reckoning at some future time. His threats will not be of much avail; the failure of his recent disgraceful plots has not taught him wisdom, and will his menaces bring him money.

A disturbance is reported to have taken place at Padua between the students and some officers of the Austrian Army which was caused by the insulting conduct of one of the latter to a lady who was accompanied by a student. Seven officers are said to have been killed and a number wounded. The students also lost some of their number, many have been arrested and not a few have fled to Switzerland. The accounts of the affair received up to the present are however rather vague; the details will reach us in a day or two.

The latest news from Persia informs us that Herat is not yet evacuated, and that Mr. Murray had been received by the Shah. The Persian Monarch has decreed the equality of his subjects of all religious denominations and the admission of all Persians, without distinction of creed, to all offices of the State.

To return to England. Among the many apostles with whom we are blessed at present are some Yankee specimens of Mormon raw material. The Press is horrified at the success which their efforts meet with among the lower classes of the English. It is not to be wondered at when the combined morality of the Lords and Commons has produced a Matrimonial Causes bill. The conference of the apostles and disciples ended by a social gathering which took place on Monday last at the Teetotal Hall, Broadway, Westminster. The proceedings were a disgusting mixture of indecency, profanity, and vulgarity. Orson Pratt told the sisters that if they married non-Mormons they would find themselves mateless in the other world, for a Mormon marriage alone lasted through time and eternity. Another Salt-lake gentleman jocosely observed that he had no fear that all his wives would apostatize and did not believe in the probability of his being reduced to single-blessedness in heaven. The favor with which such impious absurdities are received by large portions of the working classes in England show the depth of brutality at which they have arrived, as do also the fearful crimes and ferocious atrocities which are daily committed around us and of which the last week has furnished no few horrible examples.

Yet with such a "field" for their evangelical ploughs, apostles of all descriptions—except Mormons—seek other fields for their exertions. Street preachers have been sewing the seed in Belfast and, as usual, have had the satisfaction of reaping a bloody harvest. The last gentleman whose eloquence has brought forth such characteristic fruit is a Presbyterian Clergyman, a Mr. Hanna—I connot call him Reverend—whose spiritual arguments were backed by the physical reasons of a crowd of Orange myrmidons—chosen vessels, and staunch Defenders of the Faith. He chose last Sunday for holding forth to the benighted in Belfast. Though repeatedly warned of the consequences which were almost certain to follow, the meek apostle was deaf to all remonstrance, and willing to let the blood that would be spilled be upon his head. The Orange faction were prepared, armed to the teeth and the first pretext was seized upon to make an attack upon the Catholics. The preacher's eloquence was effective, for every word drew blood. May it not be visited upon him hereafter!

The Consecration of that noble edifice, the Cathedral of Kilkenny is to take place on the 4th of October. Hopes are entertained of the interesting ceremony being graced by the presence of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

There is a report in circulation that the English forces have been withdrawn from before Delhi. I have no time for comments as the hour of closing my letter has arrived. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Persian toleration and Swedish intolerance.—Dismissal of Reschid Pacha.—The Moldavian Elections—The restitution of Perim.—The Interview between Alexander II. and Napoleon III.—Itinerary of these Sovereigns.—Lord Palmerston at work.—The Emperor at the Camp of Chalons.—Imposing religious ceremony.—Visit of Prince Albert.—The Empress.—Her visit to La Hendaye.—Cardinal Morlot.—Reduction of the Austrian troops in the Pontifical States.—His Holiness Pius IX.—Further details of his journey.—Telegraphic announcement of his arrival at Rome.—Massbook to be presented by the Austrian Emperor to the Pope.—Arrest of the Editor of the ITALIA DEL POPOLO.*—M. Jules Gondon.—The* SPECTATOR.*—Death of a nephew of Cardinal Maury.—Sentence of Mazzini, Ledru, Rollin, &c.—Carpentier, Grellet and Co.*

PARIS, 7th September, 1857.

The *Presse d'Orient* brings most interesting news from Persia. The Shah was about to proclaim the absolute equality of all his subjects, Mahometans, Christians and Israelites. All Persians without distinction of race or religion are declared capable of filling all civil and military offices under the Government. This piece of Asiatic progress will no doubt astonish some of our very far advanced reformers, and one cannot help comparing the liberality of the Persian Monarch with the bigotry and intolerance of Evangelical Sweden, where all efforts to ameliorate the position of dissenters from the State Religion seem to be useless, so headstrong is the fanaticism of the Swedes. When I look upon this picture and on that, I am forced to think that European civilization and Asiatic barbarism are phrases which have no fixed meaning.

The news from Constantinople announces the dismissal of Reschid Pacha, the ex-Grand Vizir, from the post of President of the Board of Reforms, to which he was appointed when the Turkish Ministry was remodelled shortly before the suspension of diplomatic relations between France, Russia, Prussia, Sardinia and the Ottoman Government. The motives of Reschid's dismissal are as yet unknown to us, but the general opinion is that it has some connection with the affair of the Moldavian elections. I have already announced the nullification of these elections, and the renewing of diplomatic intercourse between the powers above-mentioned. The Caimakan Vogorides has been officially informed of the measure, and has already issued his mandate as to the making up the electoral lists and the holding of new elections. The Turkish Government is endeavoring to obtain the restitution of the Island of Perim, illegally occupied by England, and transformed into a military post to enable the last mentioned power to be complete mistress of the Red Sea from one end to the other. It is more than likely that England will be obliged to drop her unlawful prize, as all the other Powers will most probably unite in the demand of restitution.

The rumors of an interview between the Czar Alexander and the Emperor Napoleon III. begin to obtain consistency and are considered in some quarters as almost semi-official. The *Independance Belge* has been announcing it for some days past, and the *Times*, in its edition of the 5th, confirms it. The date chosen for the interview is between the 24th and 28th current; the place, Stuttgardt. The Emperor and Empress, it is said, intend visiting, or rather returning, the visit of the King of Wirtemburg, and are expected at Stuttgardt towards the 25th of the month. According to a Brussels journal the Czar left his capital, on the 2nd for Warsaw where he is to remain until the 9th when he leaves for Berlin. After a stay of two days at the Russian Court the Czar will probably go to Wildbad to meet the Czarina Marie-Alexandrowna. From the 20th to the 24th he will remain at Darmstadt and from the 25th until the 28th at Stuttgardt, where, according to the dates given above, he will find the Emperor of the French. It is said that Lord Palmerston will leave nothing undone to prevent this interview.

In the meantime, Napoleon III. is totally absorbed by business, both military and governmental, at the Camp of Chalons. His Majesty divides his time between manœuvring his soldiers at Chalons and his ministers in Paris. The number of men assembled in the Camp is over 20,000. The Grand Review will be a most magnificent spectacle but it sinks into insignificance before the imposing grandeur of the ceremony of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up before the assembled army. A great religious ceremony is soon to be performed in the Camp, by the Archbishop of Reims according to some, according to others by His Eminence Cardinal Morlot, the Grand Almoner. Numbers of visitors flock to the Camp from Paris and distinguished ones are expected, among others Prince Albert, who will arrive at Chalons towards the middle of the month.

The *Messager de Bayonne* gives an account of an excursion made by the Empress in the Bay of Hendaye, on board the *Pelican*. Her Majesty visited Fontarabie and the little village of La Hendaye, formerly so flourishing, but now poor and ruined by war and time. Her Majesty was received by the Reverend Cure at the head of his flock, and the worthy priest took advantage of the fortunate visit of the Empress to acquaint her of the poverty of the commune and the wants of his parishioners both in a religious and a material point of view. Her Majesty listened with the greatest kindness to the humble advocate of religion and the poor, and her parting words were promises of aid for the poor and for the Church.

His Eminence Cardinal Morlot left our city for Switzerland, on Thursday last, 3d inst. The Cardinal Archbishop's absence will not be prolonged beyond fifteen days.

The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* announces that the Austrian troops in the Pontifical States are about to be greatly reduced in number. The garrison of Ancona will, for the future, consist of a single battalion, and that of Bologna will be reduced from five battalions of infantry to two, from thirty-four guns to twenty-two. There will remain but one squadron of Hussars instead of two. Besides this, thirty men will be sent back from each company of infantry remaining, and the headquarters of the 8th corps d'armee will be sent to Padua.

His Holiness the Pope, whose itinerary I brought up to the 28th in my last, arrived at Lucignano on the 30th, where he was received by the prefect and the officers of the municipality. His Holiness made a short stay at the Church where the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. He subsequently went on foot, under a canopy, to the residence of the Grand Duke's Chamberlain, the Chevalier Francisco Arrighi, and then gave the Apostolical benediction to the people. A despatch published in the *Moniteur Universel* announces that his Holiness entered Rome on the 5th, and was received in a most brilliant and enthusiastic manner.

The *Ost Deutsch Post* announces that the Mass Book which the Members of the Academy of the Fine Arts have been commissioned by the Emperor of Austria, to prepare for his Holiness, Pius the Ninth, will be finished next Spring. The first artistic notabilities of the Austrian Capital are engaged on the work. The text will be executed with the pen and each page ornamented in a particular manner. The binding will be a veritable chef d'œvure.

The *Independente* of Turin announces that the Editor of the *Italia del Popolo* has been arrested.

M. Jules Gondon, formerly one of the Editors of the *Univers* and whose retirement from that journal I announced you at the time, has bought, as I am informed, the *Voix de la Verite* of the Abbe Migne, and intends making it a daily journal under the title of the *Universel*. Catholics in France may congratulate themselves on having once more so able a pen as M. Gondon's at the service of religion.

The *Assemblee Nationale*, which was suspended for two months from the 8th July last, is to reappear to-morrow. The only change in the *Assemblee* is a nominal one; it has been obliged to change its title, and is henceforth to be called the *Spectator*.

M. Louis Lefrein Maury, nephew of Cardinal Maury, has just died at the age of 79 years. M. Maury possesses, it is said, the manuscripts of several unpublished works of his uncle, works which are of the greatest value as documents belonging to the annals of politics and literature in France during the Revolution and the Empire.

Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Massarenti and Campanella have been sentenced to transportation for conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, and the execution of the sentence is confided to the Procureur Imperial.

The appeal of Carpentier, Grellet, Parot, &c., who made such a stir in your city, against the decision of the Chamber of Accusation of the Imperial Court of Paris, which sent them before the Court of Assizes of the Seine under the accusation of fradulently taking a number of shares of the Northern Railway, has been rejected.

CITY NEWS.

A Row amongst the Firemen.—Conflicts between the Fire Companies in this city are neither few nor far between. On Saturday evening last, as the members of Engine Company No. 41 were passing down Broadway, an encounter took place between them and the friends of No. 21, a rival company, between whom and the former bad blood has existed for some time past. During the fight paving-stones, brickbats, and revolvers were freely used, the consequence of which was, that two persons, adherents of 21, were shot. The wounded men were instantly conveyed to the City Hospital and placed under the care of Dr. Ray, who pronounced their cases critical, the bullet in each case having penetrated deeply into the flesh, beyond the reach of probes.

Mormonism on the Decline.—A Mormon newspaper, published in this city for nearly the three last years, has ceased publication last week. A large staff was in connection with the paper, belonging to various nationalities, such as English, German, Scotch, American, &c., but we are happy to be enabled to state that no person of Irish lineage contaminated himself by a connection with it. We understand its discontinuance was in obedience to strict orders received from Utah City.

The Meat Market.—The late difficulties in the money market had the effect of sending in a multitude of half-fed and miserable-looking cattle on last market day. Sold in such backward condition they brought, of course, but prices equivalent to their real worth, and were disposed of at prices varying from eight to nine cents per pound, while a few well fed steers went off at eleven and twelve cents per pound.

City Mortality.—There were 560 deaths in this city last week, being a decrease of 49 on that of the previous one. Of the above number 440 were natives of the United States, 68 of Ireland, 31 of Germany. The remainder belonged to various nationalities.

New Comers.—Up to the present time 41,513 emigrants have arrived in this city over those to the same period last year. The entire number of arrivals here since the 1st of January last amounts to 140,000.

On the evening of Saturday last the police paid a visit to the premises, No. 8 Barclay street, complained of as a gambling-house, and arrested the proprietors and took them to the Station-house, where they were detained all night. They were subsequently discharged on procuring bail to the amount of one thousand dollars each. All the implements belonging to the profession were also seized. While the officers were in the house a man rushed to the roof and discharged several rockets for the purpose, it is thought, of giving notice to the owners of similar establishments in the neighborhood.

We learn that peremptory orders have been sent by the government to Mr. McKeon, United States District Attorney for this circuit, to employ every means in his power to check any fillibuster expeditions that may be on foot in this city. The government is determined to break up all unlawful enterprizes, and will spare no efforts to effect its purpose.

The trial of Michael Cancemi, charged with the murder of policeman Anderson, commenced in the Court of Oyer and Terminer on Monday of last week. After some delay a jury was empannelled. The evidence on both sides was concluded on Saturday, when the case was further adjourned until Wednesday.

The performance at Wallack's Theatre, on Friday evening last, was for the benefit of the sufferers by the steamship *Central America*. Over fourteen thousand dollars have already been subscribed by parties in this city for the same praiseworthy object.

Seven hundred persons are employed at present in laying out the Central Park. Nearly all the stagnant water as well as underwood has been already removed and considerable progress has been made in draining.

Collector Schell has been busy during the past week in making removals from the Custom House and substituting others in place of those removed.

The Postmaster-General is expected in town in the course of a few days, for the purpose of selecting a site, as well as making arrangements for the erection of a new post-office.

The Hon. Beverly Tucker, U. S. Consul to Liverpool, left here on Saturday last in the steamer *Baltic* for that port.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

The late President of Maynooth College.—The "Month's Mind" ceremonial, including a Solemn Office and High Mass for the Dead, was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the lamented Dr. Renehan, in the chapel of the college in which he so long presided. The sacred ceremonies took place in the presence of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Cashel, the Lord Bishop of Meath, the Lord Bishop of Kerry, the Lord Bishop of Ardagh, and the Lord Bishop of Bombay, also of a large body of Ecclesiastical dignitaries and parochial clergy from nearly every diocese in the kingdom, the majority of whom were contemporaries in the ministry with the reverend deceased, or had had been students of the college under his direction. The high altar was clothed with black drapery, and bore the usual insignia of mourning. In the centre of the choir, without the sanctuary, a raised catafalque was erected, upon which was placed an emblematic coffin, covered with a pall of sable velvet, surmounted by the birretta, stole, and other portions of the sacerdotal robes. Around the choir seats were arranged for the Priesthood—the chanters' desk occupying the centre at the lower end. In every available part of the chapel the lay gentry from the surrounding districts occupied places in large numbers. We understand that a suitable monument to the memory of the late president is about being erected in the picturesque little cemetery of the college, where his remains repose beside those of his predecessors in office. The election for president of the college has been fixed to take place on the 20th of October.—*Dublin Freeman.*

Consecration of Kilkenny Catholic Cathedral.—The consecration of this magnificent cathedral is announced for the 4th of September. We, in concert with many of our readers, feel the utmost anxiety, as the time approaches for its consecration, to witness a ceremony which will shed so much additional lustre and pride on our Catholic city. A view at the beauty of its architectural grandeur will amply repay a visit, and we hail with joy the fervor we shall feel in witnessing the first ceremony of our Church performed within its walls. A preacher of the highest celebrity, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Church, will preach at the opening to a congregation which will be composed not merely of our citizens, but of numbers of persons collected from far and wide, and anxious to hear and see a ceremony of so imposing a kind. The rumor with respect to the arrival of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman in Kilkenny has, we find, after the most careful inquiry, as yet no foundation of truth in it; but we are given to understand that the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Cullen, will be present, if his Grace returns in time from a duty that calls him about the same time to France. —*Kilkenny Journal.*

The Archbishop of Cashel.—Newport, Sept. 6th.—His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, paid his first visit to Newport on yesterday, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Maher, P.P., Murroe; Rev. Mr. Lanigan, P.P., Kilcommon, and several other clergymen of the adjoining parishes. His Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 630 persons of both sexes, first minutely examining them, and expressed himself well pleased in having them so well instructed in the Christian doctrine. His Grace delivered a most impressive exhortation on the necessity of frequently receiving the Sacrament, and that no excuse would suffice, for what would it profit to gain the whole world and lose our immortal souls? I hope and expect that the address had a most salutary effect. His Lordship complimented the congregation on the appearance of their splendid chapel, and hoped that, as they gave largely before, they would now give a little to decorate and beautify the altar. There has been £600 expended in raising the wall three feet higher, putting on a splendid new roof.—*Correspondent of Limerick Reporter.*

Loretto Convent, Fermoy.—The imposing ceremony of reception of 1 choir-sister (Miss Mary Jane Conroy, Dublin,) and 2 lay-sisters took place in the Loretto Convent of the above town. The Rev. Dr. Keane officiated, assisted by Rev. W. Hickie as Chaplain. The spacious and richly-ly-decorated convent chapel was densely thronged. Among the clergymen in attendance we observed the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, P.P., Tallow, county Waterford; Rev. D. Dilworth, P.P., Kilworth; Rev. D. M'Swiney, P.P., Castlelyons; Rev. J. Cullinan, Queenstown; Rev. W. Toomey, Fermoy; Rev. J. Buckley, do.; Rev. W. Fitzgerald, C.C. The ceremony concluded with a Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which his Lordship, with about forty ladies and gentlemen, repaired to one of the convent reception rooms to partake of a truly sumptuous *dejeuner.*—*Cork Examiner.*

The Young Men's Society of Cork.—We perceive with pleasure that the Earl of Cork has bequeathed forty-five pounds to this admirable institution. His lordship was well advised, and has conferred a valuable benefit on a most important portion of the community. We trust that the example may be followed, and that henceforward, in bequeathing money for public purposes, the endowment of an institution so necessary, so efficient, and so solidly useful, will not be forgotten.—*Cork Examiner.*

St. Mary's, Moorfields.—In addition to the alterations about to be commenced in this church, we understand that it is in contemplation to erect new Catholic schools on the ground adjoining the eastern end of the church. The cost of these schools will be from £2,000 to £2,500.

Kentish Town.—On Sunday, August 30th, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at the Church of St. Alexis, Kentish Town, to above seventy persons of both sexes by his Grace the Archbishop of Trebizond.

The Archbishop of Cashel and Emly presided at the Office and celebrated Episcopal High Mass in the parish church of Murroe, in commemoration of the Month's Mind of Mrs. Maher, mother of the Very Rev. John Maher, P.P., V.G., Murroe and Abington. His Grace was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Maher, C.C., Pallasgreen, as Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Crowe, C.C., Toomavara, as Sub-Deacon. The Rev. Mr. Butler, P.P., St. Michael's, and the Rev. Mr. Maher, C.C., Birr, were Antiphoners. The attendance on the part of the Clergy of Cashel and Emly, Limerick and Killaloe, was very numerous.

We are glad to hear that the new mission of St. Edward the Confessor, at Westminster, promises success, and that it is likely to produce good results among the very poor classes, for whose benefit it was established. Conversions have already taken place amongst the most depraved persons in this locality; and in may instances there is no reason to doubt of their perseverance. The labors of the Rev. W. Burke and the other Clergy have been most unceasing: and we have reason to believe that offerings towards the purposes of this mission would be acceptable.

The ladies of Cologne combined last year, and filled the presbytery of the cathedral with tapestry; but the side walls of the high choir had also been deprived, in the lapse of time, of their former ornament of paintings, which have now been supplied by twenty-eight pieces of fine tapestry. The subjects are taken from the Nicene Creed, and were made after designs of M. Ramboux, Conservator of the City Museum of Cologne.

Placentia, like Rome, is to have its monument in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The Duchess Regent has given a colossal Roman column, which will be erected before the cathedral, and support a bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin. A subscription is in progress, and £700 has already been subscribed.

An aged Priest, named Molis (aged 104), who some months ago received an increase of pension from the King of Sardinia, has just died at Turin. He was a native of Orosi, had been forty years in a Monastic establishment in Spain, and on the suppression of the convents earned his livelihood by making barometers.

We are happy to state that the Very Rev. Doctor Connolly, P.P. of Carrick-on-Suir, and V.G., who had been unwell for some time past, is now completely restored to health, and is discharging the duties of his sacred office, to the great joy of his people.—*Munster News.*

The splendid Catholic chapel of the Redemptorist Fathers in this city is advancing to completion. It is an elegant structure, and will accommodate four thousand persons.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Carli, of the Capuchin Order, Bishop of Almira, and Vicar-Apostolic of Delhi, arrived in Dublin, and is stopping with the Fathers of his Order at 14 Prussia street.

Domestic.

Ordinations.—On Thursday, 17th September, the Most Rev. Archbishop gave the rite of tonsure to John Gloyd, Lawrence Molloy, William Mahony and Michael Joseph Collins, students of the diocesan seminary, for the diocese of Baltimore, in the chapel of St. Mary; also to William Higgins, Eugene Alphonsus Pelletier, and John Augustin Couch, for the diocese of Boston; also to Edward McCosker for the diocese of Newark; also to Patrick McGlynn and James Hogan, for the diocese of Albany; also to Marius Tixier, for the diocese of Toronto, Upper Canada. On the same occasion he promoted to minor orders John Thomas Sullivan, for the diocese of Wheeling, John Gloyd and Edward McCosker. On Friday Edward Brennan, Edward Didier, students for the diocese of Baltimore, were promoted to sub-deaconship. On Saturday of Ember week Edward Brennan was promoted to deaconship by the same prelate.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

Confirmation.—The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered by the Most Rev. Archbishop to twelve persons in St. Joseph's Church on the Belair road, on Sunday, 13th ult. The Church, which is sufficiently large and in good taste, has been erected within the last year, on the site of a former church, and a convenient school-house and dwelling has been raised near it, by the exertions of the Rev. Henry Giesser, C. S. R., and the generosity of the faithful, without any debt remaining.—*Ibid.*

A New Chapel.—We are gratified to learn that the Jesuit Fathers, of Loyola, have concluded their beautiful chapel for the special benefit of the colored population of the city. On Sunday last it was solemnly dedicated to the service of God, under the patronage of the Blessed Peter Claver. The ceremonies were performed by the Rev. F. Early, S. J., assisted by the Rev. F. Tehan, S. J.—*Ibid.*

Ottawa Cathedral.—We learn that preparations are being made for the completion of the towers of the Cathedral in Ottawa City. They will be about one hundred and fifty feet in height, will cost one thousand pounds, and will be furnished with a public clock. A correspondent of the *Gazette* says the Cathedral being on a well situated rising ground overlooking the Ottawa and Hull mountain scenery on the west, and the Rideau and its picturesque country on the east, the opportunity will be afforded by this improvement to our visitors of indulging in magnificent views, which for natural rarity and grandeur are rarely excelled. These towers will be moreover an ornament to the city, which does not as yet boast of much architectural display.—*Toronto Catholic Citizen.*

Prof. Owen's Classical Series.

The Publishers of this valuable list of Classical Text Books have great satisfaction in calling attention to them. The series has been so long before the public, and has been so favorably received by many of our first Colleges and Classical Schools, that they deem any extended notice superfluous. The following brief extracts indicate the tone of Public Opinion, and warrant the belief that Prof. Owen's Books only require to be examined to recommend themselves.

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"We would invite the special attention of Professors in our Colleges, Teachers in our Classical Schools and Seminaries, to this series, confident that they have to see but to admire them, and to use but to appreciate them."—*Recorder.*

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This list might easily be extended to columns. Nearly every reviewer speaks of the *fine typography* of the series; no insignificant matter in a Greek Book.

Published by IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & ALLEN,
jy18 3m 379 Broadway, New York.

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 31, 1857.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York: Sir:—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Joel T. Headley;
A Comptroller, in the place of Lorenzo Burrowe;
An Attorney General, in the place of Stephen B. Cushing;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Silas Seymour;
A State Treasurer, in the place of Stephen Clarke;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Henry Fitzhugh;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Norwood Bowne;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Hiram Denio;
All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next.
Also two Justices of the Supreme Court for the First Judicial District, in the place of William Mitchell, whose term expires December 31, 1857, and one in place of Charles A. Peabody, appointed to fill vacancy, occasioned by the resignation of James R. Whiting.
Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of Joseph S. Bosworth and Thomas J. Oakley, deceased.
A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Daniel P. Ingraham.
A Justice of the Marine Court, in place of Florence M'Carthy.
A Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James Green.
A Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Bartholomew O'Connor.
A Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of William B. Meech.
A Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of William A. Van Cott.
A Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of John Anderson, Jun.
A Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of Anson Willis.
A Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York, in place of Thomas Pearson.
A Police Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James H. Welsh.
A Police Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Matthew T. Brennan.
A Police Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of James L. Wood.
A Police Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of J. Sherman Brownell.
A Police Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of Barnabas W. Horne.
A Police Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of William S. Davidson.
A Police Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York, in place of James M. Flandreau.
A Police Justice of the Eighth District in the City of New York, in place of Micheal Connelly.
Also a Senator for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Senate Districts, consisting of the City and County of New York.
A Member of Assembly for each of the Assembly Districts in the City and County of New York, viz.:—The First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Assembly Districts.
Two Governors of the Alms House, in the place of Anthony Dugro and Washington Smith.
A Surrogate, in place of Alexander W. Bradford.
A Recorder, in place of James M. Smith.
A District Attorney, in place of A. Oakley Hall.
And a Register, in place of John S. Doane.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,
J. T. HEADLEY, Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Office,
New York, Sept. 3, 1857.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirement of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, had then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 15th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
ja6 3m

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

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At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Reverend BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is.....$150 00
For Half-Boarders.....100 00
For Day-Boarders.....50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments.....10 00
Graduation Fees.....10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of.....20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is.....$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin.....135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra.....15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum.....20
Music, per annum.....40
Use of Piano, per annum.....8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session.....$60 00
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